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IN THE SPRING-TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

The rapture of the Spring-time on the hills
Lingers in lines of light;
Laughs in the laughter of the running rills
From morn till night.

The woods, that erst in Winter's garments clad,
Seemed sad and chill,
Break into beauty, as the Spring-time's glad
Warm showers distill.

And earth is happy—land and sea are bright,
No longer drear;
They catch the radiant dawning of this light,
Glad time of year.

The yellow buttercup and crocus peep
Above the sod,
And to the breezes, waking from their sleep,
They gently nod.

The Spring-time calls to Nature: "Sleeper, wake!"
By water-fall,
By dim-aisled forest and by dimpled lake
It hears the call.

The bluebird, answering to the summons, sings,
And, sweet and clear,
The murmur of a thousand happy things
Salutes the ear.

The robin twitters from the leafless spray,
Where shall be seen,
Beneath the breath of mild and balmy May,
The waves of green,

Rippling and dancing to the happy breeze,
And running o'er
With beauty from the Spring-time's spicy seas
To Summer's shore.

Oh, not alone glad Spring-time wakes the flowers
From out their sleep;
We, too, have treasures which the Winter hours
Have buried deep!

Speak to these troubled hearts, which wait and weep
In doubt and pain,
That we may know they are not dead, but sleep
To wake again.

THE PRIDE OF PIUTE;

OR,

THE LOVE THAT WAS LOST.

A Story of the Sierras.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

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CHAPTER XV.

WEDDING BELLS.

Ruben Craig was married on the following day at the house of Mabel's mother. There were a great many present, for Ruben was well known and had many friends, and Mrs. Blake had a large "set" as well, many of whom she could not afford to slight.

Pet stood well in the background when the ceremony was in progress, and close by her side stood Joe, as if to give her the moral support of his presence. It was needed, too; for, when Ruben's voice solemnly responded for the first time, she placed her hand over her mouth to prevent the wail that almost burst forth, and staggered feebly back until she felt Joe's arm about her, and Joe's voice whispering in her ear.

"Don't give up! I know what you're sufferin'; but don't give up now—it will soon be over."

She caught his hand, and held it tightly until the last response was given, and then she escaped into an inner room, and was lost in the drapery of a western window. But she did not cry. The shaft had struck deeper than the font of tears; it had pierced her heart, and she could only press her burning brow to the cold window-pane, and close her lips firmly to keep back an audible expression of her grief. In all her life she had never felt so utterly alone, she had never before experienced such an utter sense of desolation.

She knew that Joe had suffered, but she could not bring herself to believe that he had ever known such pain as this. Still, she had never felt keenly for Joe until now; and this, perhaps, prompted her to seek him out at last, and speak to him kindly—so kindly that Joe was filled with glad surprise.

To a man heart-hungry, a kind word is a precious thing, and to Joe it came as living waters to the parched traveler, rare and sweet, for Joe had been in the desert a long time.

Mrs. Overton was there, and the General, looking very unhappy in his rusty Chepultepec suit, and long sword that clicked upon the floor wherever he went, being many inches too long, or the belt being too loose; but, from whatever cause, it certainly beat a tattoo upon the carpet, and made everyone nervous except his wife, who seemed to be very proud of the noise he was creating.

Mrs. Craig tripped upon the sabre once, and was almost sent sprawling into Mrs. Blake's lap, whereupon she kicked it between the General's legs, and called the General—in a very low voice, of course—"a fool!" and demanded to know why he had come there with a weapon as large as that, and twice as large as himself, and if he expected the affair was going to break up in a row, that he must come there armed to the teeth?

Mrs. Overton interfered in her husband's behalf, and was set back with the admonition to mind her own business, and with the further information that she had better take that weapon off that man at once, for if she tripped on it again she would have her Sandy "take that little man out into the yard and bang the life out of him."

The General, really alarmed, got up to apologize; but Mrs. Overton pulled him violently into his seat again, and asked him for gracious' sake to remember he had a wife present.

An hour after the ceremony George Silsby presented himself, and, having come on Mrs. Blake's invitation, was cordially welcomed, even by Ruben.

He congratulated the happy pair, complimented Mabel upon her freshness, and altogether made a favorable impression upon all with whom he came in contact.

To Pet he was exceedingly gracious, Mabel having introduced them, and in a lively, almost brilliant manner talked to her for a long while. But after all she was not enchanted. She thought she could see through all this ease and polish an insincerity that stifled her admiration.

And so, when Mabel asked her later in the day how she liked Mr. Silsby, she merely replied:

"He seems to be a nice man; but he's a stranger to me, and of course first impressions are nothing."

"Why, how coldly you speak! When I first met him I thought he was just grand. I couldn't get him out of my head for several days, and I was in love at the time, too, with Ruben, while you, who don't love anyone, can find nothing better than nice for him. I'm afraid the snows of the Sierras have chilled that little heart of yours, my friend. Now confess; don't you?"

Mr. Silsby joined them before she could reply, and Pet, making the necessity of hunting up Joe a pretext, escaped.

"And this was the woman to whom Ruben had given his heart," she murmered—"a vain, foolish girl, who cannot detect the genuine gleam of the gem from the false glitter of the paste." And then, as a terrible thought flashed into her mind, she added beneath her breath, but oh, how reverently: "God give her strength to prize the priceless love that is so wholly hers for his sake, for his sake, who ——"

She could not finish that appeal; her heart was sinking like a weight of lead in her breast, and once more she sought refuge in the drapery of the window.

The daylight was fading out of the sky, and across the street the wind was whirling, hither and thither, a lot of dead leaves. As the day drifted westward, so she felt, in a like manner, hope was drifting out of her heart, and soon she feared the night—the deep, dark, joyless night of despair would be upon her.

In the privacy of her bedroom at the hotel that night she prayed long and earnestly for strength to take up her cross and bear it in silence; and when she awoke on the following morning, and bathed her tear-stained face, she felt stronger and braver than she had felt at any time the night Ruben had first told her of his love for Mabel. She dreaded the journey home. The way was so long, and they would be sure to talk a great deal of Ruben and his wife, and these—especially the last—she wanted to forget.

But all things of a disagreeable nature seem worst in anticipation, and so it proved in this case.

To be sure, Sarah had something to say of her son, and of how handsome he looked, and of the beauty of his bride; but Sandy and Joe were inclined to be reticent and subdued, neither inclined to listen or to speak much, and of a necessity Sarah had to keep her peace the greater part of the way.

Throughout all that dreary journey home Joe was exceedingly kind to Pet, losing no opportunity to add to her comfort, to speak a cheerful word, while all the time she was conscious of the fact that his great, hungry eyes were upon her face. He seemed to regard their return as the coming-back to an empty house of a funeral cortege, in which Pet was the chief mourner, and so it became his duty to minister to her comfort and to sympathize with her sorrow.

Had he said this in so many words, no doubt Pet would have resented it as an intrusion upon her trouble, which had been always so sacred; but this silent sympathy, this unobtrusive, worshipful care, this dumb adoration, was very grateful.

When they at last reached Piute, and they were about to part, she gave Joe her hand, and said in a low voice, that neither Sandy nor Sarah might overhear:

"You must not stay away, Joe, as you did at first. I need your friendship so much now; it is very lonely, with no one but the old folks."

"I'll drop down often," he replied, "an' you keep up your heart; it won't be always so lonely; an' if any time you want to go down to Frisco an' see the folks, why, just let me know, will you?"

Yes, she would let him know; but there was not much likelihood of her going there soon, yet she thanked him all the same.

Joe did come quite frequently after that; for the next three months scarcely an evening found him out of Sandy Craig's little sitting-room, and Pet began to look for his coming with something approaching eagerness.

They never spoke of Ruben, unless Sarah brought his name up; and Joe, knowing so little of women's ways, began to fancy that the old love was surely dead at last, and that perhaps the time would come when he could speak again with a different result.

But Spring came, fluttering in on the wings of the birds, into the heart of the Sierras, and the warm winds came up from the South and kissed the snow from the breast of the valley, and the fervid Summer came, and the trees waved it a leafy welcome, and then the streams sang it to sleep, while Autumn swept down in its glorious mantle of purple mists; and yet Joe, waiting and watching, knew by the tender sadness in her face that the time to speak had not yet come.

CHAPTER XVI.

WEDDED BLISS.

Ruben Craig was a busy man. He evidently believed that only through patient, never-ending effort, success could be reached, and so, early and late, he toiled in his office, in the court-room, in his library.

His wife, with all her young blood bounding in her, craved excitement, panted for the pleasures of the dance, the excitement of the drive, and, these being denied her, yearned for a quiet evening all alone with her husband, free from all thought of business cark or care.

But he cared nothing for dancing, and could not find time to drive, and when she invaded the library he threw aside his work for a few minutes, and tried to enter into the spirit of her pursuit by listening quietly, and sometimes kissing her, as he would a child, and then turning to his work again with the exclamation:

"Excuse me, my dear, this evening. I've got a knotty point I want to look up," or "I'm sorry I can't give you more of my time, but, my precious, I'm very busy just now."

Mabel could not appreciate the labor that she said was making a blank of her life, and so she told Ruben one night when he had repeated the well-worn apology.

"But it is all for your good. If I succeed, and I can't succeed without giving my profession my attention," he said, "you will reap a full half of whatever reward comes of it."

"But when we are young we should enjoy life. What good is a lot of money and honors when we are too old to realize their existence? For my part, I would never have married at all if I thought I was going to be locked up in this fashion, and become an old woman at twenty."

He laid down the pen he held in his hand, and, catching her hand, said earnestly:

"These are terrible words, Mabel—terrible words to come from a wife's lips in the first year of her wedded life. Do you mean them?"

She did not reply. She had turned away her face, and was looking into the fire.

There was a long pause. The ticking of Ruben's watch could be distinctly heard.

"If I thought you meant what you have said," he began, "if I thought for a moment my little girl regretted giving her life into my hands; if I thought she would, if she could, dissolve the tie that binds us together, why, then I would say ——"

She turned toward him impulsively. The light from the lamp on the desk revealed the fact that her blue eyes were swimming in tears. There was nothing of rebellion in her face now.

"Ruben!" she exclaimed, "forgive me."

"And you are not sorry, sweetheart?"

His voice was very grave.

"No, I'm not sorry, Ruben; you know I'm not."

He drew her gently down upon his knee, and, smoothing back the golden threads from her brow with a kindly touch, imprinted a kiss there.

He did not take up his pen again that night, and Mabel was happy.

This was their first serious disagreement since their marriage, and it amounted to very little, as you have seen, but it left a deep impression upon Ruben's mind. Was he not just a trifle selfish in pursuit of success, and was it quite fair to Mabel that he shut her out from all the innocent enjoyments of life, simply because he had neither time nor inclination to share them with her? No; he would adopt a new system, a system through which Mabel should see more of the world, and she would love him better than ever for the new lease of liberty that would be hers. Yes, he was determined on this.

But it took three weeks to arrive at a conclusion, and meanwhile Mabel had time to brood over what she had learned to call her "fate." The happiness she had imagined would fill her married life had not come to her in the fullness she had expected, and day by day she felt she was growing away from Ruben, he becoming less and less necessary to her happiness, while he seemed to care more and more for his duty to the world, and less of his duty to his wife. To be sure, he was always kind enough when he deigned to notice her, but to a woman who had a morbid craving for admiration, to a woman who had been fed on flattery and petted by mother and lover and friends, this was not at all satisfying.

At length she confided the secret of her unhappiness to her mother, who treated it as a childish whim, and, finding no comfort in that quarter, and feeling she could no longer live without sympathy, carried it to Mrs. Orpheus Overton.

That latter gave it a fearful welcome. It was all very sad, and she was so sorry for her dear friend, "but"—and this was said with a strong emphasis upon the personal pronoun, "*I* would not submit to such treatment; *I* would not bury myself alive with any man. He has had his day of pleasure and freedom, and, grown tired or sated, is unwilling that his wife should have a like experience."

"But he works very hard," ventured Mabel, who was not prepared to go into a wholesale denunciation yet.

"That may be all true enough; but if he thinks more of his work than his wife, he should not have married at all. I don't see what such men want with wives, anyhow. It's a piece of downright impudence for them to ask girls to marry them under such circumstances."

This seemed very logical; but Mabel felt that to listen to it longer would be disloyalty to Ruben, and so she said:

"I think it is thoughtlessness upon his part, more than studied or premeditated neglect. I think he would be glad to see me happy—in fact, I know he would."

"Oh, well, in that case, my dear, you have only yourself to blame. You should not permit yourself to be a prisoner; you should go out into the world with your friends; I'm sure nothing would give me more happiness than have you with us every where we go."

Mabel thanked Mrs. Overton kindly, and said:

"I'll speak to Ruben, and hear what he says about it."

"We are going to have a few friends to-morrow evening; now, if you could only come, I know you would pass a delightful evening."

"I don't think I could get off to-morrow evening; but after that ——"

"Why do you want to tug at the chain longer? Why not snap the links at once? Say to-morrow."

"Well, then, I'll speak to Ruben to-night."

"Don't be foolish. Say you're going to your mother's, and he will not object, and need never know better. Women are so foolish in telling their husbands everything. The confidence is all on one side, be sure of that; it is never reciprocated, never!"

When Ruben came home that same afternoon, and threw himself at full length upon the lounge in the library for a few moments of rest before tea, Mabel opened fire by remarking how quiet it had been all day.

"I really believe this sort of thing will make me stupid, shortly—nobody but the servants to talk to from morning till night; it's awful."

This was not said in an angry tone; had it been, Ruben possibly would not have spokon so softly in reply, saying:

"It must be very dull, darling, and I have been thinking of some way to lighten the burden. You must go out more. You are not calculated for the conservatory; no, you need the open air and the fresh winds to preserve the bloom upon the blossom in your cheeks; and you shall have them."

Her heart gave a great, glad bound. She went over to the lounge and kissed him. The old lover Ruben had come back to her. He made room for her on the lounge, where she could look down into his face.

"Where would you like to go?"

"Nowhere. I'd just like to stay here with you all the time, if you would talk to me so."

"But, my dear, my work, you know, must not be neglected. I'm struggling against older heads and well-disciplined minds, and therefore, if I would earn the prize, I must be up and doing."

It was the same old story, that had grown so distasteful to her during the past six months. She had no reply to make.

"Now, where would you like to go?"

She thought of what Mrs. Overton said about spending the evening at her mother's, but, looking into his frank, manly eyes, she could not bring herself to tell him a lie.

"I would like to go over to Overtons' to-morrow evening. They are going to have company, and they are anxious that I should be there."

He knit his brows. He had an instinctive dislike for Mrs. Overton, and a contempt for the General, but he could not refuse her the first favor under the new regime, and so he said:

"Well, I can see no reason why you shouldn't go; but you had better have your mother go along, and return early."

It was arranged as he had suggested, and the next evening he sat at home and looked up the authorities upon an important point, while Mabel and her mother set off for Overton's.

There were quite a number present, among them George Silsby, who claimed the privilege of dancing the first set with Mabel; and as the evening wore away he managed to be in her company a great deal; so much so she suggested that perhaps she was robbing the young ladies of his society, he replied:

"There are very few women I admire, and I can't talk to anyone in whom I feel no interest."

She hardly knew whether he meant this seriously or not; but poor, foolish woman, she secretly enjoyed it. She liked so to air her wings in the sunshine of compliments. Besides, he was so handsome and manly, and the thought that other women envied her the attention she had done nothing yet to merit pleased her beyond measure.

With all this, he was a man to shine in fashionable society, and had a relish for gayety and pleasure—just the reverse of Ruben in almost every particular.

"Ah, if only Ruben was like Mr. Silsby, how happy ——"

She checked herself. She was wronging Ruben, and she wanted to be a good and true and honest wife, and keep her faith with him unsullied.

CHAPTER XVII.

INTO TEMPTATION.

The ice once broken, Mabel went out very often; at first always in company with her mother, but the latter grew tired of driving to Cliff Cottage twice a week, and of course there was nothing left for Mabel to do then but to accept a seat in Overton's stylish turnout. After a time George Silsby found it convenient to join in these harmless excursions, generally occupying a seat along side of the General and immediately opposite to Mabel.

Knowing her husband disliked him, she never permitted his name to cross her lips within his hearing, and, although this secrecy, as it may be called, was unpleasant to bear, she preferred it to an open rupture of her friendship with Silsby, which she knew or feared Ruben would insist on, were he cognizant of what was going on.

One thing, however, she began to realize, and that was that Ruben was becoming less important to her existence, and that when Silsby would absent himself from the semi-weekly excursions or the card-parties, which Mrs. Overton gave quite frequently, a sense of *ennui* would possess her, and neither the changing landscape nor the excitement of whist could prevent her from experiencing something akin to despondency.

She tried to fight this down, tried to feel that George Silsby's coming or going was nothing to her, and sometimes was foolish enough to believe that she had demonstrated this beyond any possibility of doubt; but the sound of his voice dispelled this allusion, and when he pressed her hand, as it lay in his for an instant, she felt her whole being thrill.

And all this time Ruben Craig was working away among his writs and pleas and books, never dreaming that his wife's heart was drifting away from him, never dreaming that a cloud was gathering over his household, and that soon the lightning would descend—the cruel flash of shame which was to work him so much of ill, which was to bring him so much of desolation and heartache.

Some thought of this came into Mabel's mind once, when she came home and found him asleep in his chair before the writing-desk, one tired hand hanging limp by his side, the pen upon the floor, while the other was bent over his head in a weary fashion, as she had often seen it before when his work had been oppressive.

Her conscience stung her, and the old love, which had lain dormant so long, crept up into her eyes, and fashioned tears there, and these, warm from the heart, fell upon his upturned face, and awoke him with a start.

"Why Mabel, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, only you looked so tired and lonesome."

How precious were those tears to him! far beyond the price of pearls; and he almost cried for joy as he drew her closer and kissed her again and again.

In her night-clothes that night, with her long, golden hair falling like a veil around her, she knelt and prayed for strength, to enter into his quiet, work-a-day life—for courage to resist the fascinating wiles of the tempter.

While she prayed, her guardian angel must have slept; for surely such prayers would have been answered, had they been carried up to the mercy-seat fresh from her lips.

When the November days were growing short, and the hectic blush of decay blazed in the wooded depths of the Sierras, Ruben received a long letter from Pet, the burden of which was that Sarah Craig was very ill—perhaps dying, and she wanted to see her boy—he was never a man to poor Sarah—once more, before she would go to that distant home from which there is no path way back to earth.

He lost no time in obeying that summons, and on the same day on which he had received Pet's letter he was on the boat which was to carry him to Sacramento.

Mabel had desired to go with him—had, in fact, pleaded earnestly to make the trip—but he put her off with the remark that the journey was very tedious and fatiguing, and that in all probability his mother was not so far gone as Pet's letter would seem to imply.

"But I won't mind the fatigue," she persisted, "and I'll be company for you on the way."

She was going to add "I'm afraid to be left here alone, I'm afraid of myself, afraid I am not strong enough to meet temptation," but she repressed herself. He must not know of the demon that pursued her, with which she was contending in a life and death struggle, beset with the thought that day by day she was growing weaker and more unfit for the conflict.

Therefore, not knowing anything of this, he only smiled at her vehemence and said:

"You will be much better here at home, and your being here will be a great incentive to a speedy return on my part, don't you see?"

He loosed her fingers from about his neck and said:

"Good-bye, Mabel, my own; it's only for a few days, remember."

He was gone. The house was silent. The carriage rolled away.

"Only for a few days," she murmured, gazing down the empty street, "only for a few days."

And then she thought that, after all, he was right; life was only a few days at the best.

It was not in Mabel's nature to sorrow long. The greatest grief could be overcome in a brief time, and this, I am sure, did not prevent her from feeling intensely for the time being. Her troubles were like Summer showers—fierce, terrific, while they lasted—but the blue came back as suddenly as it was blotted out, and the smiles often chased the tears. The next day an invitation from Mrs. Overton to drive out to North Beach with her brother and the General made her forget the pain Ruben's departure cost her, and, alas! made her also forget the many good resolutions she had formed to evade George Silsby in the future.

It was a beautiful day, the sun being low in the heavens, and where the sea laid its white palms upon the shore it shone warmly, making the sands gleam like powdered silver.

George Silsby was at his best too. He never looked handsomer, never talked better, and in his gallantry, which Mabel imagined so much a part of himself, there was—at least to her—a dash of the old-time chivalry, when men were wont to live only for love, and to die for it if necessary.

The moon was up before they turned their faces homeward, flooding the bay and the mountain-peaks with white light, and an amber mist was rising up slowly from the face of the waters.

The hour was suited to George Silsby's purpose, and he was a man skilled enough in the ways of the world never to lose an opportunity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SARAH JOURNEYS HOME.

Sarah Craig was even worse than Pet thought, and when the latter told her that she had written to Ruben, asking him to come home for a few days, she did not even commend her for her promptness in the premises. But, although her lips gave forth no sound, they moved silently, as if in prayer, and her eyes were eloquent with gratitude; and when Pet laid her cold hand upon Sarah's burning brow, a few moments after, it was caught and held by the invalid, and held for a half moment between her burning palms, and Pet had no difficulty in interpreting the meaning of that pressure.

In the two weeks during which she had lain in that darkened room a great change had come over Sarah Craig. She had grown wonderfully gentle. All the old antagonism in her nature had faded out. Pain had made her patient, so patient that even Sandy noticed it, and said, shaking his head sadly:

"It's a bad sign when a person isn't a bit like themselves. Now, if she'd only jaw a little."

At first she was quite content to lay among the pillows, and say nothing for hours and hours; but, after the letter had been sent to Ruben, her face wore an expectant look, and she would sit up and listen for the opening of the door below, and bend over to catch the sound of the newcomer's voice with an eagerness almost painful to witness.

The exertion consequent upon these efforts was a great strain upon her vital forces, and Pet, seeing this, said:

"You must wait a few days yet; it isn't time, you know."

"But if he shouldn't come?"

The thin lips twitched painfully.

"He wouldn't remain away for worlds," replied Pet: "he loves you too well for that."

"Yes, I know; but he may be busy, and may think there is plenty of time—and ——"

"There is plenty of time," interrupted Pet gently; "you may be up again in a few days—at least, before Spring. Don't give up yet."

But Sarah Craig could not be made to believe this. She felt her time had come, and that when the Spring came around again, as come round again it would, the grasses would grow and the blossoms bloom upon her grave.

A week had passed, and yet there was no word from Ruben, and Sarah was fading faster and faster every day. Sandy had closed up the bar, and had taken a position at the foot of her bed, which he rarely left, except to go for drugs or perform some other errand. He slept very little, and when admonished to do so by Pet he replied, in a choking voice: "She's only going to be here for a few days longer, and after she's gone there will be lots of time to sleep—lots of time."

Ill as she was, Sarah noticed his devotion, and was touched by it too; and one night, when Pet had fallen asleep in the great splint-bottomed chair before the fire, she called him to her, and drew his head down upon her breast, and whispered:

"I'm sorry, Sandy, I wasn't better to you, for you was always good to me; but, Sandy, I always loved you, if I didn't show it—always, always, from I was a little girl."

"Oh, Sallie!"—he had not called her Sallie for years—"do you think it all over with us? Do you think you're goin' so soon?"

"Yes, I feel it here," and she laid her hand upon her heart, "as it seems like peace."

"I wish I could go too," he said; "I wish I could go, for what will Sandy Craig be without his dear old gal?"

She put one wasted arm about his neck. It was the first tender words that passed between them for years.

The next evening Sarah heard the door below open, and a step, a quick, nervous step, sounded on the stairs. She opened her arms wide. She knew who was coming. She had waited for him so long, and so patiently, and now, now he was coming at last, her boy—her Ruben, whom she had warmed in her breast, who had been the light of her life—and he was coming to close her eyes and see her laid away forever.

A dark shadow came up from the rude stairway; it came on tiptoe toward her.

"Mother!"

A glad, faint cry of joy. His warm lips were upon her wrinkled cheek. She could not speak, but she could feel that she was happy.

But her happiness did not bring her health—indeed, it seemed to have a contrary effect—for when the excitement Ruben's coming had occasioned had entirely subsided she was much worse. Her joy had carried her out of her present pain, but it had carried her nearer, much nearer, the gates of death. Her face had already caught the reflection of their pallor.

The next ten days were days of waiting, but to Ruben and Sandy and Pet they were not weary.

At last the great change came. It had been snowing all day, but now the moon was drifting westward above the tree-tops, and the wind was sighing softly among the naked branches.

She held Sandy's hand, as if she would fain have its aid to guide her through the dark valley, the coldness of which her tired feet had almost reached.

She could not see their faces, but she knew they were all there—those three whom she loved so dearly, those three who had come with her to the bank of the mystic river, but from whom she must part now—they could go no farther—into the illimitable she must go out alone.

Her lips moved, and Ruben bent over to catch her words.

"Love one another, an' be kind to Pet, an' ——"

That was all he heard, although her lips continued to move for some time after, and they were all silent as so many shadows. By-and-bye her eyes grew fixed in a steady stare, and then, gradually, a sweet light came into her face and shone in her eyes.

Perhaps it was a ray of light from the open gates of the great city which the Angel of Mercy had swung back to admit a new soul. If so, they closed the next instant, for the light had vanished and Sarah Craig had gone; the gates had closed softly behind her.

The next day they carried a long coffin through the sunny backyard, and under the shadow of Bottle Mountain they made a grave, and returned sadly homeward.

But not until they had all reached the house, and sat down before the blazing fire, did they fully realize that they had left someone behind in that narrow house under the snow.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CIRCUS IS COMING TO TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

What mean these sounds on the morning air—
These brassy strains, and this blatant blare?
These banners, these clicks of horses' hoofs,
These crowds at the windows and on the roofs?
These hurryings-up and these scurryings-down?
They mean that the circus is coming to town!

The maiden forsakes her looking-glass
To see the gorgeous pageant pass;
And the weary scholar throws down his book,
At the brilliant cavalcade to look;
And the deacon puts on his sternest frown
Because the circus is coming to town!

And see, in a row on yonder fence,
The boys who for weeks have saved their pence;
Their fair cheeks glow and their eyes grow bright
As they gaze on this ever-welcome sight;
"Hi!" cries Bob Jenkins to Billy Brown—
"Hurrah! the circus is coming to town!"

During the past week, you may bet,
Billy's thrown many a somerset;
He had taught Bob Jenkins the "crab" to bend,
And they both have tumbled end-over-end;
He has stood, with his heels in the air, on his crown;
Aint they glad that the circus is coming to town!

Yes; herp it comes! with the band ahead
In a chariot gold and green and red,
And a long and dazzling retinue
Of spotted horses and ponies too,
And wagons and riders of great renown;
Ah! yes! the circus is coming to town!

Yes; hurrah for the circus! Hurrah! I say;
O Deacon! cast your frowns away;
Don't you remember when you and I
Hooked Jack" for a fortnight, and on the sly
Played circus? Tumbled, and you was the clown!
Deacon! the circus is coming to town!

Put up your shutters and close your store;
Go to the show—be a boy once more!
Our cares are many—our lives are short;
Two hours of fun can be easily bought;
Go and laugh, and your troubles and sorrows drown;
Deacon! the circus is coming to town!

J. H. B.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTERS.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, *Act V., Scene I.*

April 23 being the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and death, the present is a fitting occasion to pay a tribute of respect to the immortal poet's memory, and this we do by publishing an engraving of an allegorical procession of the principal characters depicted in his plays.

Were all Shakespeare's plays to be acted at once, there would require upwards of seven hundred performers besides suites and crowds. Yet of all these personages not one in the least resembles another; there is no repetition; this variety, coupled with the perfect truth to nature in each case, is marvelous, one is almost tempted to say miraculous. Moreover, each of these lives and moves has his being in the climate, the country, and the age which would produce such a character. Prospero, remote from the haunts of men, pursues in his rocky cell those studies which give him the mastery of his foes, and place the royal diadem on Miranda's pure brow; old Shylock may be seen on the Rialto; there, where merchants most do congregate, does he feed fat the passions of his soul—avarice and revenge. Macbeth passes across the blasted heath, towards his gloomy castle where the raven croaks and the owl cries, and turns to bay in the fortress of Dunsinane, when the moving horror of Birnam Wood presages his approaching ruin. Hamlet, beneath a bitter sky, by fitful glimpses of the moon, on the ramparts of Elsinore, meets the spirit of his father, and hears that which poisons every after moment of his life, and conducts him to an early death. Lear disposes of a kingdom at once recognized as England—

With shadowy forests, and with champagnes rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted mead,"

and all the flowers or weeds with which he garlands his discrowned head—"rank fumiter and furrow weeds—with burdocks, hemlock, nettle, cuckoo-flowers, darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow in our sustaining corn." Imogen gazes from the mountain-brow on that same blessed haven of Milford, straining her eyes to catch the expected sail of her husband—and is carried in seeming death to a grave where primrose, harebell, and eglantine will bloom, and the ruddock bring turred moss, when flowers are none, to Winter-ground her corse. Juliet, on the contrary, sleeps in the marble monument of the Capulets, where the dark cypresses point to the blue vault above, and an Italian sun glitters on the golden effigies, placed side by side, of herself and Romeo. The tawny-fronted Cleopatra wears the circle of the Ptolemies, and with the Egyptian magic charms her Roman lover to his death; then comes to her the basket of figs with "the pretty worm of Nilus that kills and palns not," and she sleeps forever in one of her country's pyramids.

There is the same harmony between scenery and character in the supernatural creations of Shakespeare. The Weird Sisters "hover through the fog and filthy air;" Titania and Oberon—beautiful, capricious and powerful—haunt the moonlight woods of Attica, and by the glimmering light the palace of Theseus and Hippolita; in the slumbrous warmth of an Italian night, Queen Mab, the spirit no bigger than an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman, is "drawn by a team of little atomies athwart men's noses as they lie asleep, and then they dream;" Sycorax, the African sorceress, banished from Tunis to "the ever-vexed Bermoother," there ends her wicked life; and there the delicate Ariel, compelled by Prospero to fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to make the bold Caliban tremble with sight outrunning light, at last by his long-wished-for liberty, and henceforth will live a life of dainty delight, lurking in blossoms that hang on the bough, or on the bat's back will fly after Summer merrily. How different is this self-centred, lonely, dainty Ariel from Puck, the spirit of practical jokes; and how different Puck from Moth, Mustard Seed and Peaseblossom, whose rigid salutations betray their high disdain of the poor monster for whom their Queen commands their homage.

SOMETHING WAGGISH.—A San Francisco paper says: An interesting rhino-plastic operation, which cannot fail to edify the medical fraternity, is reported from Silver City in the case of a man who, some time ago, had his nose bitten off in a rough-and-tumble encounter. Dr. Kirby being called upon to attend the unfortunate, and conceiving of nothing better with which to mend the mutilated proboscis, at the suggestion of the victim cut off the tip of a pointer dog's tail and transplanted it to the man's face as the finishing point of the deformed nose. All worked well in healing, and the man has a fine-looking nasal organ. But here is the difficulty. The fresh nose is of a canine type, and the acquaintances of the man mostly so acquainted are disposed to found nose stories in which wiglies him off the sidewalk before he can shake hands.

THE UTILITY PEOPLE.—Some persons call the utility "supernumeraries," and when they have not time for to pronounce so many syllables, "supes." A large amount of undeveloped genius is to be found in this department of the profession, which does not always get the praise which is its due. The utility shows up strongest in the country, where a large piece is being played by a limited company, and two or three utility double everything to a considerable extent. I have known a man stabbed, poisoned, and shot dead several times during the evening, and come on again in the same clothes pretending to be someone else. The amount of imagination that is required to keep time with this kind of thing you would hardly believe till you try it.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

W. M. R., Brooklyn.—"1. A, B and C are playing casino. There are a 4 king and a nine on board; A holds a king, B a nine-spot. Now, if A picks up the king, that will leave the nine for B, who could make a sweep. To prevent this, A purposely threw his king on the table. B claimed that A is obliged to pick up the king. What do you say about it? 2. Can C, after B has, say, built a seven, pick a tray from the table and put it on B's seven and call it ten? 3. At thirty-one, A deals, B closes. Can A pick up the deckhead with his nine-spot after B had closed? Will you please publish the questions and answers? I always cut them out and paste them in a scrap-book. This book is known in this vicinity as THE CLIPPER authority on all subjects."..... 1. A need not take in the king. 2 C cannot. 3. A can make the exchange at any time before playing another card. The closing affects only the cards that are not visible. Should A play after B has closed, he will forfeit the right to exchange.

G. L., of D. & M. R., Boston.—The train spoken of was a regular one, designed to be permanent. The only obstacle to its establishment was that no engine could carry water enough to pull a train on so long a run; and, to overcome this, there was a great expense laid down at intervals along the route. The engine takes water as it flies. G. L. can see by the time made, which averages as high as thirty-three miles an hour on one of the three runs, that there are no stops for any purpose. There is no doubt about the trains having so run, and we think they are so running yet. The latter point is not in question, however. G. L. loses.

J. B. B., Chicago.—1. Write to Col. Church, care *Daily Journal*, this city. 2. The American Rifle-team who shot matches with Irish teams here and at Dublin, Ireland, did not contend with an English team, the Americans being defeated, admittances as competitors for the Elcho Shield last yeas. 3. The double victory did not make them champions of the world, the match being simply one between America and Ireland. 4. As a team, they did not take part in any of the competitions at Wimbledon, but individual members won prizes there.

DARTS.—The name of the first comedian who acted in America is not known. There was a dramatic company performing in this city as early as 1733, but no record has been preserved giving the names of the proprietors or performers, or of the play performed. In 1750 Murray & Kean's Company performed here. Although the names of the performers have been preserved, it is impossible to judge from the manager's records what line of business each one played.

F. A. R., Portland.—1. Certainly; you must specify the name of the town or village on Staten Island in which the year is made to begin and end with the same week. We never heard of a wooden-legged tight-rope walker named Debonne. 3. It was an error. A should take six points for sequence of 4, ace, 2, 3, 5; and one for "that card." Signor Blitz-herman has juggled five balls with one hand in a private exhibition.

J. M. C., St. John.—1. Both the called player and the caller must observe the 31 limit. 2. Straight count only by agreement, and then it is sometimes agreed that they shall beat but two pair, and at others that they shall beat three of a kind. 3. The going blind and straddling do not change order of betting. The straddle has to be filled before cards are drawn; and after it is filled, the situation is the same as if there had been no blind or straddle.

T. L. C., Gloversville.—Mr. C. works in a flour store, will pay the bet. In point of fact, he never weighs or determines the weight of anything, though his bodily weight, as determined by the scales, has necessarily to be ascertained by the bodily weight of three individuals that formed the basis of the bet, and not that one man dumped more flour into a scales than another, in the course of twenty-four hours.

PETE.—1, 2, 3, 4. Tripler Hall, as it was first called, and Metropolitan Hall, as it was afterwards called, on Broadway, nearly opposite Bond street in this city, was destroyed by fire on 5 Feb. 6, 1868. The theatre at Niblo's Garden (Sympne) was originally built for the late Laura Keene, and was first opened under her name and management Nov. 18, 1856. It was a first-class theatre in its day.

ROSE MICHEL, Brooklyn.—1. A person can learn grammar without a teacher. 2. "Charlemagne" is usually pronounced *Shar-le-marne*; but, as it is a proper name, it may parhaps be pronounced in a hundred different ways, or *as its owner sees fit*. 3. "Profile" is variously pronounced *pro-file*, pro-*feel*, and pro-*file*, the last being the least justifiable.

SAM JOHNSON.—There is little difference in the lines of business. Select whichever you can excel in. Show a manager what you can do, and ask his permission to appear one night in specialty. If you succeed, then ask him for an engagement. Take any salary that may be offered at first, and as you gain a reputation then ask an advance of terms.

THEATRE-GOER.—1. Niblo's Garden has been leased for a term of years. Mr. Page is said to be the lessee. 2. The frescoing, which was not entirely completed, has recently been done by Sanguinetti. We know of no change in what has been placed around the two circles recently or not. 3. We prefer not to express any conjecture as to the future success of the new management.

COCK PIT.—1. It appeared in last week's issue, in connection with the notice of Joe Goss' arrival. That is the only time that his name has been printed in the ring columns since Jan. 3, 1874, when it appeared in the list of the P. R. for 1873. 2. Bill Hayes beat Mike Madden, £100 a side, 18 rounds, 6 hours 3 minutes, at Edenbridge, Eng., July 17, 1849.

W. M., Cleveland.—1. A one-legged song-and-dance man who had made a successful appearance in public could command from $25 per week upward, according to merit and reputation he would have. If you like the business to you to learn it. 2. The salary would range the same for "a musical moke." 3. A flute-harmonica is concealed within the tea-kettle.

T. B. R., Indianapolis.—1. We are not so deciding. The joker can be used at euchre, but not in the original or legitimate game. 2. When the joker is turned up, the dealer, if not ordered up, can either take it up or turn up one. If he concludes to take it up, or if he is ordered up, he can look at his hand and make any suit trump.

C. W. T., Stratford.—"The game is two-handed cribbage. Mr. Gray can play a 4, 7 and 8 once to get a hand of two pair; he a 3, 1 a 2 and take a sequence of 2, 3, 4; he a 5 and takes 4 for 2, 3, 4, 5; I a 4 and pegs 4 for the 2, 3, 4, 5; he a 3 and wishes to count 4 again, and which I dispute. Who is right?"..... You are right.

CENTENNIAL VISITOR, Erie.—We cannot advise you. This is a city about fifteen miles long, and we have no idea as to about where you wish to locate. Any one arriving here can find such a hotel inside of half an hour. If you come via Erie road, inquire for Earle's or French's Hotel, both down town.

R. B. G., Boston.—1. Don't be too sure. Works published before Dickens wrote, and works published since, give 1779 as the year. 2. All the preliminary betting must be done before anybody draws a card. After betting is over, the cards are served to all the players in their proper order.

SAYSHUED.—Certainly, B can demand to see both hands. Either may have six cards, or but four; or either may have two jacks of hearts, for example. You are in error in supposing that a player who does not bet is an outsider. His interest is in the ante, which may become a double header, or for which he stands a change to get another hand.

E. D. K.—We never state what salary any particular performer receives. Similar performers receive from $50 to $100 per week, depending on the reputation and ability of the performer and the length of time for which he may be engaged.

PASCO.—1. The latest advices concerning George L. Fox are that he may possibly be restored to partially good health in the future. 2. Such a report has gained circulation; but it is denied by those who are best informed upon the subject.

PAT.—"A bets that in playing your last card, at cribbage, and it makes 15, you only count 2 points; while B contends that he is entitled to 3 points, 2 for 15 and one for last card. Which is right, A or B?"..... B. That is, if you are playing six-card cribbage.

GREGORY & CO.—1. "A and B are playing a game of cribbage. A holds four in counting up, A holds three; B is a nine-spot turned up. A claims 24, B allows but 18. Which is correct, or what is the count?"..... 24 is right. 2. Both buildings are free.

PROF. HOLYOKE.—E. L. Davenport was born in Boston, Mass., in 1816. Lawrence Barrett, in 1836. F. C. Bangs was born in 1837. Milnes Levick was born in 1830. We cannot give you the correct date of the birth of Miss Fanny Davenport.

BRYDEN.—The entire proceedings were irregular and invalid. In dealing, the dealing which was trump, B forfeited his right to make the trump; and A, in play to the lead of B, forfeited his right to make trump. Bunch the cards.

J. W. S., St. Johns.—The statement is not clear. If A had three of a kind, and B four deuces, B wins. But if the bet was that B had threes in his hand, then A wins; for "threes" in that case means that or better, which covers four deuces.

AN OLD READER, Chicago.—"The following dispute in a game of cribbage occurred between A and B. A played an 8, B a 9, A a 6, and B turned up a 10. B then pegged 2 with his 9, and also 3 with his 6, and also claims a run of three. A won't allow the claim. Who is right?"..... B.

MIKE, Mineral Point, Wis.—Joseph.—You are too old to learn the circus business. You would have to apprentice yourself to some performer, and they take only children as apprentices.

M. P.—1. When the census was taken in 1871 the population of England and Wales was 22,712,266. 2. Cannot say what were the lowest quotations in the *newspapers*. It would be useless to search for information.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Seymour.—D having bought the right to pitch, and tied A for game, the latter counts the game, and B goes up two points. The buyer, like the dealer at seven-up, can never count the game. 2. Yes, as a rule.

C. W. A., Delavan.—A loses pool for having bursted. A gear who is bursted at whiskey pool is worse off than one who has not, no matter what is the number of their private scores.

SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—1. P had to get twenty-seven cards before he could call out on game cards. 2. It is not necessary to have the hall all chalked before play. You have to agree to whatever number of points has been agreed upon.

DON PEDRO.—The game is the same in this order—high, low, game, pedro, and sanchon. Any one of the first four may put the maker out before either pedro or sanchon, no matter when the latter are made.

C. L., Detroit.—No answers by mail. We do not procure engagements for advertisers. Better advertise and put your business in the hands of some dramatic agent.

HYDE & BEHLY, Jersey City.—1. There can be but one loser in a game at a rubber euchre. 2. Hoyle never wrote a line about euchre. 3. In cutting for deal, the highest and low card deals, and that is jack.

MUSICUS.—We consider a teacher necessary in each case to properly master the instrument, and dance referred to. The books would, no doubt, be valuable aids to a teacher.

BERNARD, Baltimore.—1. Miss Jeffreys Lewis is English, and unmarried. 2. She is engaged for what is technically called the second business. 3. We cannot give you the lady's age.

POWELL MARTIN, Toronto.—You are laboring under a delusion, as to such statement ever appearing in THE CLIPPER, and we have no knowledge that such a tournament is projected.

CYRUS.—1. It was rejected because we believed that it would not be of interest to the general reader. 2. We have not changed the original title. 3. You can decline answering such questions, unless the Court direct otherwise.

SPARTA.—"Having once called the pile 'mine,' A never could change it except to 'mines.'" 2. The highest euchre card is the best in cutting for deal at euchre, and that card is jack.

LOUIS SCHLAEGER.—"In a recent game of cribbage, A played a 2, B a 5, A a 1, B a 4, A a 3 and claims 5 holes for a sequence of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, besides his 15-2. No other counts had been claimed. Is A's claim right?"..... Yes.

T. G. M., Newport.—1. Sam Hurst became champion of England by defeating Tom Paddock Nov. 5, 1860. He did not fight Sayers. 2. He has not said so. 3. No answers by mail.

G. J., Mount.—General "Stonewall" Jackson is dead. He got his sobriquet in battle in Virginia, his troops having stood their ground as immovably as a stone wall. 3. Wade commanded cohmans.

A CONSTANT READER, Washington, D. C.—There is no reliable record of E. P. Weston having walked 500 miles in 5 days.

T. T.—A child born abroad of American parents is eligible to the Presidency of the United States, provided the parents are American citizens upon the child residing abroad.

A. B., Carlington.—Consult the Congressional Representative of your district, as his aid will have to be invoked in any event.

R. B. B., Bridgeton.—If there are an ace, a deuce, and an eight on the board, you cannot by any possibility make a sweep by merely playing a ten spot.

J. H. G. JR., Baltimore.—We think that Sherry's Dramatic Company is not traveling at present. We have heard nothing of the party for some weeks.

J. G. B., St. Joseph.—It must take the three cards he laid out, or the pone has forwards three. His hand will be found, and A will be entitled to the money.

J. D. AND H. R., Wheeling.—Business men do not make their cash-books figure, and it is a waste of time to enter into an argument on such matters.

C. R. E., Montreal.—We don't keep a record of English cricket matches, and our latest London files fail to mention them.

FITZ-JAMES, Shelby.—1. Address F. Grote & Co., E. Fourteenth street, this city. 2. There is no one recognized as such.

TYLER, Ames.—Pierre Bernard is living, and now traveling and performing with Caroline Richings-Bernard's Operatic Company.

T. F., Fort Mason.—We do not answer questions by mail. Write Pedro, giving name to which you desire our reply addressed, and we will answer you here.

CRAZY HORSE, Fort Fetterman.—The first number of THE CLIPPER was issued on March 3, 1853.

JAMES.—When not otherwise stipulated, the highest euchre card wins the cut for deal, and that card is jack.

JOLLY ROVER, Detroit.—You could be sued for breach of promise.

A. AND R., Corsicana.—We do not know enough about the English cancre trade to answer your question.

A READER, Cornwall.—We cannot undertake to read up the history of Fall River, Mass., to answer that question.

J. H. J.—It is impossible to say who is the richest woman in the world.

MORRIS, Boston.—High deals at seven-up, unless otherwise agreed upon, and the ace is high.

J. C.—Nothing will remove it, except pulling it out by the roots.

E. W. C., Canton.—Thank you; but we already have more than we can use.

T. J. O'C., Philadelphia.—We cannot inform you who makes the best wooden shell drum in this country.

DENVER, Derry.—1. Maud Wallace is living. 2. Minnie is the elder.

PAUL, So. Bend.—1. See our advertising columns. 2. Salary would depend entirely upon reputation and ability.

LEVINGER FRERES, Detroit.—1. Mrs. E. L. Davenport and Mrs. John Wood are not sisters, but are remotely related to each other. 2. Thanks for hills. They shall have space shortly.

ACCOMAC, Albany.—We could not advise you to leave a comfortable situation to become an acrobat. Engagements for circuses for this season are already made.

R. G. H.—It would have given weight to the card had you affixed your name and address thereto. It is inadmissible without them.

THOS. Camden.—Falsetto notes are oftener the rule than the exception with professional tenors, a pure tenor voice in the upper register being rarely met with.

BALLANTINE.—We never publish the amount of salary any particular professional receives. 2. E. L. Davenport is the father of Miss Fanny Davenport.

A BEWILDERED MOTHER, San Francisco.—Consult some professional lady in your city as to the best course for your daughter to pursue.

HENRICO, Louisville.—1. Not married. 2. Born Nov. 7, 1847. 3. Since she was six years of age. 4. The one we have given satisfaction.

J. W. B., Boston.—1. Your question was answered in the issue of THE CLIPPER succeeding the receipt of your letter. 2. Mutual 36, to Chicago 1, played June 18, 1874.

J. T. M., Adrian.—De Witt of 35 Rose street, New York, publishes "The American Cricketer's Guide," by Chadwick, price 25c.

A SUBSCRIBER, Virginia City.—The Thos. Beales referred to is the old left-fielder of the Union Club of Morrisania, who has played ball for years, always in first-class style.

BOB B.—If you want the quoting rules, you will find them in Ed. James' Manual of Sporting Rules. See advertisement.

ENTRY CLERK, Cincinnati.—Bets on horses being placed are off. Bets on the race taking place must stand, and are determined by the fact.

L. N., Pittsburg.—It was published two or three months ago.

M. R. W., Grand Rapids.—They were published in THE CLIPPER of April 8 last.

W. G., Montreal.—You can probably get the books by writing to D. Appleton & Co., publishers, this city.

J. F. J., Overton.—Write to R. M. De Witt, 33 Rose street, this city, for catalogue of plays.

J. K., Rochester.—A is out $45, as a matter of course, besides the cigars.

G. M., Uniontown.—No answers by mail. Edward Eddy died in Kingston, Jamaica, Dec. 18, 1875.

F. W., Greencastle.—See answer to "Inquirer, Boston," in our issue of Jan. 29, 1876.

J. S. L., Reynoldsburg.—Joe Start played first base with the Mutuals last season.

P. X. O., Chicago.—Not that we know of. It was against the rules of the club then.

BORDEN, Red Bank.—Any player of the nine can wear gloves if he chooses.

J. W., Chicago.—No. Coburn and Mace fought near Bay St. Louis, Miss.

J. E. J.—William Thompson, alias Bendigo, is living, and resides in England.

JOHN JACKSON, Cicero.—Bill Lang was born at Middleborough, Eng., we believe.

Unidentified, Jonesville.—1. Mace's height is 5 feet 8½ inches. 2. Jim Mace. 3. Name the distance.

J. L., Memphis.—The man who did not make the trump would not go alone.

DON PEDRO, Rochester.—If B sold to A, B has the game. If B did not sell, A has the game.

HEWHAT, Philadelphia.—1. Four trays and a nine count 24 at cribbage. 2. Four 7's and an ace also count 24.

C. B. W., Northampton.—Papers containing a report of that fight are out of print; so we cannot send you any.

G. H. S., Columbus.—Post-office order was acknowledged by mail.

J. F.—1. Connecticut has now but one capital. 2. Virginia and West Virginia are separate States.

J. F., Frankford.—We plead ignorance as to the origin of "Full down your rent."

P. C., Palatka.—We do not decide bets as to the wealth of individuals.

THOS. LEANEY, Richmond.—The late Ed. Searles made the best standing jump on record in this country—13ft. 5½in.

PIPPON, Delavan.—The new ball is no part of his score.

S. H. P.—Ice cost 45 cents for each insertion.

READER OF THE CLIPPER, Lapier.—See Ed. James' card.

J. CARMAN.—Barney Williams was born in the year 1823.

J. T. M., Erie.—We have no correspondent in your city.

JOCKEY.—You can buy as many pools as you please.

H. M., Ithaca.—Thank you. Send along the items.

W. L., Pittsburg.—We shall not need the sketches.

A. B., Boston.—Address the jacket of books to agents.

PUGILIST.—Bendigo the pugilist is not dead.

H. B., Phila.—Inquire at a drug-store.

SUMARI.—We know of no such map.

THE NEW DRAMATIST, Brother Wheeler, has cause to exclaim: "Save me from my friends!" His first-born—"Twins"—was conceived in the innocence of his confiding nature, and he proposed to continue the good work he had entered upon, should his bantling meet with public approval and the friendly recognition of his critical brethren. With overweening confidence in the strength of his position and the friendship of his friends, he cast his offspring upon the waters, believing that it would return to him after many days in the full fruition of his hopes, and with all the modern conveniences appended thereto. But the dear brother "reckoned without his host," you will soon perceive; he leant upon a tender reed when he relied upon the full strength of the company that ushered "it" into existence; and he overrated his own powers when he sought to leave the ranks of journalism and to become a playwright. The very first sight of his "Twins" was the signal for an assault along the whole line. First, his collaborateur had a hack at it, and cut and slashed away like a butcher; then his dear friend the manager suggested that a limb might be cut off here, an eye gouged out there, and that the thing should be put through a regular course of training. Then, on the evening of its presentation to the notice of the public, the actors and actresses went to work to finish the amputation; and the way they mutilated the helpless "Twins" was a caution to students over their maiden subject. When the author saw the remains of "it," he failed to recognize his own offspring, and asked the manager why he didn't publicly announce that the "Twins" presentation had been postponed. "Fact! I assure you!" When he occasionally caught a glimpse of something that resembled his handiwork, and his brain was distraught with conflicting emotions, he inwardly longed for some sweet haven of rest where he might die. The audience did not take to the "Twins" with that love and adoration which had been predicted by the overzealous workers in the field of literature; and when the leading nurse trod upon "it," and helped to knock the life out of "it," there were sounds of faint praise that foretold the deep damnation of "it" taking off. We do not imagine that Brother Wheeler slept upon a bed of down that night, or that his feet walked a mid fragrant flowers and emerald verdure. His thoughts were of the morrow—what would the papers say? "Aye, there's the rub." The critics were of diversified opinions—some let "it" down mildly; some made an alleged attempt to bolster "it" up, while others again—those who had long had a rod in pickle for this auspicious occasion—laid it on thick and heavy, and rubbed salt and pepper into the ghastly and painful wounds. And then the funny writers pinned "it" against the wall, and made faces at it. Ah! it was terrible for the Wheeler man! Could he have retraced his steps, could he have once again sat in his quiet sanctum, as he sat ere the cares of dramatic paternity obtruded themselves upon him, he might have been happy; but he had crossed the rubicon, he had gone too far to recede with any self-respect, and hereafter he must sink or swim, live or die—with his "Twins."

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT to Father Manning, and for that religion with which his name is so closely connected, we cannot refrain from giving expression to the opinion that, in attacking the Drama, in reviling the profession, and in stigmatizing the theatre as one vast scale of corruption, his eminence has stepped beyond the bounds of his sacred calling, has lost sight of that cardinal virtue charity, which religion should serve to inculcate; and has descended from his lofty position, and placed himself on a level with those hired defamers of the Drama whose periodical assaults accomplish no good purpose, but, on the contrary, array one class of people against another, and bring the Church into disrepute. Cardinal Manning has helped neither himself nor his cause by his wholesale assault upon a profession from whose ranks have emanated many giant minds of their day. We find vice and virtue in every class of society, and the pulpit, both here and in England, is not free from the taint of corruption in all its hideous phases, as recent events have made plainly manifest. Soft words and kindly advice are far better than bitter invective and insult; and Cardinal Manning will learn, sooner or later, that he has grievously erred in this matter, and that he has been shorn of his strength by the recoil of his unprovoked attacks.

IT IS TO BE HOPED that those gentlemen who, at the critical moment of the impending crisis that hung over the head of Dolan, were anxious to acknowledge themselves as the *real* murderers of Mr. Noe, will be looked after by the District-attorney, and requested to step up to the captain's office and settle for the same. It is in direct contravention of our laws that these self-accusing parties should be compelled to walk the streets as innocent man whom they publish their own sinfulness, and calmly ask to be arrested and tried for their crimes. The prosecuting attorney owes a duty to the public, second only to that which he owes to these misguided but penitent men; and the law will not hold *him* guiltless until he brings the self-accused ones to speedy trial and execution.

THESE ARE THE TIMES that try men's souls. We are moved to these remarks by recurrence of that annual custom of changing a good and tried home for an untried one. The first of May is almost upon us, and the note of preparation for removal is heard on every hand; the domestic hearth is all upset, the family circle is in a demoralized condition, while the whole house is turned upside down. When we leave home in the morning, we cannot tell where we shall be likely to find the family in the evening. Eating and lodging houses profit by this general discomfort, and rapacious landlords and grasping capitalists revel in the May-day miseries of their fellow-creatures. If the first of May could be blotted from the calendar, what a happy people we should be!

PRESIDENT GRANT vetoed the bill cutting down the next President's salary from fifty thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars. And, strange as it may appear, the papers have nothing to say about a "third term."

IN THESE Centennial days, when April showers prevail, and the weather is otherwise problematical, it is well to remember that there is one continent that is always certain of having *Asia* skies!

SOME of the papers want to know whether Abdul Axis, when he dies, will be Abdul as was. We hasten to reply that he will then be Abdul Axis'nt.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS—Our merchants. Likewise the "counters of a store" are its bookkeepers!

"FINE BREAKFAST TEAS"—Your mother-in-law.

THE HIPPODROME has been vacated by Moody and Sankey, who, during the past ten weeks, have drawn immense crowds, to the detriment, it is said, of the theatres. Soon will be heard the blast and blare of the brass band where but recently the sweet and tender tones of Brother Sankey's voice held the audience captive, and where the thunder of Moody's simple arguments sent them home all of a glow.

AFTER LISTENING to the closing remarks of Moody and Sankey, we were puzzled at one thing—it is this: How can you follow the scriptural advice to "not let your right hand know what your left hand doeth," when, as a general thing, your hands "*correspond*?"

OUR JIM, who has been on the grand promenade, says that occasionally a fashionable lady is like himself, because she doesn't like her *petisse*. We fear James has good reasons for disliking the "knights of the locust."

"QUICK SALES and small profits" must have been the motto of Mrs. Stewart when she transferred all her interest in the drygoods business to Judge Hilton for one million of dollars. *Any* of us would have given two!

IT MAY be well to remark, in justice to both parties, that the Bryant who is making efforts to organize a new political party is not the proprietor of Bryant's Minstrels. Neither is he from the *original* "dirty-Schurz party."

MANY PEOPLE labor under "impressions," but pressmen labor *over* them.

THE UNKINDEST "CUT" OF ALL.—That of A. T. Stewart in a recent number of one of our illustrated papers.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On April 17: The U. S. Senate met as a Court of Impeachment for the trial of ex-Secretary Belknap, who pleaded the non-jurisdiction of the court, and an argument until the 19th was taken.....The Sergeant-at-arms of the U. S. House of Representatives was ordered to obey the writ of habeas-corpus issued at the application of Hallet Kilbourn.....The lowboat Dictator was wrecked by colliding with the bridge at Hannibal, Mo., cities Harry Young, Engineer Foster, and seven others being drowned.....It was reported that the breaking of a levee on the Mississippi River, in Bolivar County, Miss., caused considerable damage.....Prestini Genelli was tried for silver-coin act.....The steamer Legal Tender, from Memphis, Tenn., from Little Rock, Ark., struck a snag and sank.....Francisco Bocesli was stated to have been shot, probably fatally, by Pasenio Cararina, at Providence, R. I.....Foreign telegrams announced that there was a large demonstration in Hyde Park, London, Eng., in favor of the release of the Tichborne claimant; that the Porte has again called the attention of the Powers to the attitude of Serbia, claiming that the insurgents receive their supplies thence; that, in a fight at Limerick, Ireland, 400 customs officers in the interests of the Nationalists, who form a remnant of the Fenian party, at what they call the utter neglect of the Home-rule question by the members of Parliament, attacked the latter, and, after a hard struggle, the Nationalists were beaten, over one hundred persons being wounded, forty seriously, and six perhaps fatally; that the Spanish Government has announced that it has accepted the Powers' note, except the clause decreeing religious unity, and negotiations with the Vatican had been suspended; that several villages had been depopulated by an epidemic which broke out near Soochow, and which caused death almost immediately; that two formidable insurrections are disturbing the peace of China—one at Kivor-ying and the other at Yunnan; that the Sultan has granted the demands of the Herzegovinian insurgents, but the other Powers approve the Porte's action in refusing to discuss them; and that the finding of the body of Captain Jones, and a portion of the boat, floating off Spreed is confirmed, no doubt of the loss of the Victory.....Losses by fire: Welbourne's store-rooms, and other property, at Milford, Ind.—loss, $100,000; insured; Cole's flouring mill, the County jail, and other buildings, Danville, Ky.—loss $75,000, one-third insured; Diland's drug-store, Morrey's grocery and adjoining property, Cambridge City, Ind.—loss, $80,000, insured; Hall's block, Fond du Lac, Wis.—loss $50,000; Shermerhorn & Schofield's commission warehouse, this city—loss about $9,000, insured; George Blodgett's tannery, Bucksport, Me.—loss $6,000, partly insured; the Lorimer House, Machias, Me.

☞ April 20: The U. S. Senate passed a bill admitting, free of duty, a diamond necklace presented by the Khedive of Egypt to Mrs. Sherman-Fitch.....Telegrams from abroad were to the effect that William A. Gray, the New York forger, was in custody in London, Eng., and that the decision of the British Government as to his extradition; that fifteen pilgrims were drowned while crossing the River Vienne, near Parsac; that the *Kelep Nepe*, a Pesth newspaper, published in Hungarian, had declared war against Turkey; that, according to a Moscow paper, the Turkish soldiers receive neither money nor provisions, and sell cartridges and ammunition to the Russians; that Lydia Sisson committed suicide in London, Eng., while temporarily insane; that the Prefect of the Seine will ask the Municipality for a vote of $34,000,000 for public works, necessary to prepare the city for the strangers who will visit the Exposition of 1878; that the plague continued its ravages in Asiatic Turkey; and that the Chamber of Deputies, France, would vote on the proposal to abolish the death of A. T. Stewart.....Silver was issued in exchange for fractional currency at the Sub-Treasuries in the various cities of the United States.....William Newton poisoned Emily Holland, in Manual Hotel, Brooklyn, N. Y., and John E. Burling, a clerk in the Controller's office, this city, suicided by cutting his throat.....The Ballou Cotton Manufacturing Company, of Woonsocket, R. I., suspended. Liabilities, over $1,000,000; assets, about $800,000..... Losses by fire: the Queen City Key Factory, Cincinnati, O.—loss $30,000, insured for $20,000; Fleming Brothers' gasfitting and machine-shop, East Rock Island, Ill.—loss $20,000, insured for $7,000; Bunker Hill Station, Lebanon and Tremont Railroad, Pa.—loss about $8,000; George Turnbull's residence, Newton, Mass.—loss $4,500, insurance $3,200; the Freeman House, barn, stables and sheds, with eight horses, Schenectady, N. Y.

☞ April 21: John Hanson was hanged in this city for the murder of James H. Noe.....At Fort Smith, Indian Territory, William Leech (white), Isham Seeley, Gibson Ishtanube and Orgheus Magee (Indians) and Aaron Wilson (colored), were hanged for the crime of murder.....Dallett Bliss, of the firm of Dallett, Bliss & Co., merchants of this city, committed suicide in Central Park.....Miss Nellie Dean, of St. Louis, Mo., was shot dead by a jealous lover named William Cooper, who committed suicide.....Peter Hart was killed by a pile-driver at Cleveland, O.....Reported suicides: Brenton J. Clarke, aged 70, in Hopkinsville, Ky.; Frank H. Bliss, aged hanging in a police-station, Boston, Mass.; Thomas Thornhorn of Charlestown, Mass., by shooting.....J. S. Byrnes was killed by falling forty feet in South Boston, Mass.....Thos. V. Piper, the confessed murderer of little Mabel Young, made a sworn statement that her injuries were caused by the trap-door falling upon her head, and fear of being accused of her murder caused him to desert.....Inquest on the matter.....Col. Edward Wooster of Birmingham, Ct., was drowned.....Losses by fire: Swartz's tea-house and adjoining property, in Columbia, Pa.—loss $30,000, partially insured; Kellogg's residence, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, and two houses, Brooklyn, N. Y.—loss $5,500; William Weeks' confectionery and other buildings, Sayville, L. I.—loss, $11,000.

☞ April 22: R. Weedes of Providence, R. I., shot and killed Sarah Weaver, alias Josie Revere, in a house of ill-fame.....Hugh Linn was killed by a fall of slate at Lewellyn, Pa.....An investigation into the management of the Government Insane Asylum, Washington, D. C., revealed a horrible state of affairs.....George Ritchie, a prominent Philadelphia merchant, committed suicide by shooting.....Real Estate and Savings Banks suspended: liabilities $140,000, assets $150,000.....The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, at Broad and Cherry streets, Philadelphia, was dedicated.....At Norwich, Ct., Dwight F. Sheerin was killed and Fred A. Tibbs was found guilty of murder in the second degree.....George E. Crozier of Yates County, N. Y., sentenced to be hanged May 5, was respited until June 16.....Cable telegrams were to the effect that thirteen persons were killed by an explosion of powder in a railway tunnel in South Wales; that seventeen persons implicated in the Fenian riots of the English penal settlements had to be executed at Bhamo, Burmah, May 5; that Dr. Shweinfurth had resigned the Presidency of the Geographical Society of Egypt in consequence of a dispute with General D. M. Stone, the American Chief of Staff of the Governor of the Army; that a new loan of $24,000,000 will shortly be issued by the Paris municipality for the completion of the Boulevard St. Germain and the Avenue de l'Opera; and that very serious disturbances had occurred in several parishes in Barbadoes W. I.....Losses by fire: the Methodist camp-meeting ground, Tarentum, Pa.—loss about $30,000; insurance $26,000; St. Knapp's Jail and Smith's and other buildings, Sayville, L. I.—loss about $12,000, partially insured; the Dillingham paper-mill, Henniker Village, N. H.—loss $25,000, insurance $15,500; the Baker mansion, Ipswich, Mass.—loss $3,000.

☞ April 23: It was cabled that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs is considering the basis of a commercial treaty with the United States; that Somerville's paper-mills, in Bitton, Eng., had been destroyed by fire, causing a loss of £70,000; that the Grand Vizier has answered the English and Russian Ambassadors that the Porte has no intention of declaring war against Montenegro; that orders had been issued for all Servian militiamen to prepare for a foreign campaign, though it was generally believed that Servia will go to war unless attacked by Turkey; that the Spanish Government had agreed to suspend collection of the forced war-loan interest on the bills, pending a settlement; that Insolvents, while negotiations with Great Britain on the subject are pending; that the Gouverneur Resource, a newspaper published in Rome, had been suppressed for publishing the Pope's pastoral thanking the Bishop of Orleans for his letter to Signor Mingetti, violently attacking the Italian law rendering priests liable to military conscription; and the disturbances at Bastar, India, had ended and quiet was restored.....A telegram from Leavenworth, Kan., said that an emigrant named Beck, his wife and two children were massacred by Indians about 100 miles from Custer City.....Charles Cook of Hyde Park, Vt., was beaten to death by his insane father.....James O'Donnell of Pottsville, Pa., was shot and mortally wounded by an unknown man who fired through the window of his residence.....Losses by fire: F. B. Kerns' tobacco factory, near Sunbury, Pa.—loss $12,000; Weddle & Hill's cooper shop, Thos. McWhinnie's and Wm. Stewart's residences, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—loss about $16,000, partially insured; John McCann's carriage shop, Bridgeport, Conn.—loss about $2,000, insured for $500.....Hattie Locke, aged 9, was accidentally drowned at East Concord, N. H.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BRIGGS, Thomas H.—The oldest schoolmaster in New Jersey, having been teaching since 1819—Succasunna, N. J., April 20, aged 75.

BURKWELL, Dudley.—A retired member of the bar of Herkimer and Hamy Counties. He was a representative in the Assembly in 1831—Little Falls, N. Y., April 18, aged 78.

BRYANT, Dr. G. N. W.—Physician of this city—here, April 16, aged 64.

BOYLE, Edward.—Well-known surveyor of this city. He laid out Calvary Cemetery, L. I.—Paris, France, April 17.

BEEN, Mrs. Elizabeth A.—Widow of E. Park Benjamin, and daughter of John Cooke of Poughkeepsie—this city, April 15.

BLISS, Dallett.—Member of the Philadelphia firm of John Dallett & Co., which has a branch house in this city. Suicide by shooting—Central Park, N. Y., April 21.

BYERLY, Alfred.—Of firm of Jacob Riegel & Co., wholesale drygoods merchants of Philadelphia—there, April 16.

BESSE, Dr. F. Emilio—Surgeon dentist—Philadelphia, April 20, aged 37.

BONSALL, Joseph H.—City-surveyor of Denver, Col. As a resident of Philadelphia some years ago, he assisted Surveyor Smedley in preparing what is known as Smedley's map of that city—Denver, April 9, aged 42.

CONNER, Col. James J.—During the Rebellion he commanded the Fifty-third Pennsylvania Regiment (militia). He was a prominent Democratic politician, and was for an operator in coal in Schuylkill County—Pottsville, Pa., April 20.

DUNCAN, Richard C.—Telegrapher, and formerly chief operator of the offices in Indianapolis and New Orleans—Battle Creek, Mich., April 20.

DAVIDSON, George M.—Sergeant of police—this city, April 19, aged 38.

DRAPER, George G.—Formerly an active merchant of this city—Montclair, N. J., April 18, aged 65.

DEAN, Henry—Chief clerk of the Board of Education, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 19, aged 57.....Also Prof. Dean, and where he had been principal of Public School No. 7—that city, April 18, aged 54.

DARCY, Timothy—National Secretary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians—this city, April 20, aged 43.

DICKEY, Hon. O. J.—At one time the law partner of the late Thaddeus Stevens. He had been District-attorney in Lancaster, Pa., and had also been its Representative in Congress—Lancaster, April 21, aged 53.

ELLIS, T. Dwight—A leading citizen of Cleveland, O., and heavily interested in Lake Superior iron ore. Suddenly—that city, April 18.

FIELD, Mary Elizabeth—Wife of the eminent lawyer David Dudley Field of this city—Baltimore, April 19.

FARRELL, Rev. James—A prominent Catholic priest of Canada, in 1853 arrived in Philadelphia, where she died on April 22, aged 101.

FINCH, Harriet Bryce—Wife of Dr. E. W. Finch—New Rochelle, N. Y., April 19.

FEW Sr., Kirk—An old Pennsylvania railroad man—Middletown, Pa., April 20.

GRASS, Phillippe—Eminent European sculptor—Paris, France, about April 18, aged 74.

HIBBARD, Mrs. S. C.—Widow of Dr. George Hibbard, and daughter of the late Col. Abraham De Peyster—Brooklyn, N. Y., April 19.

HARRISON, Dr. William D.—Philadelphia surgeon and physician—that city, April 21, aged 36.

HAGUE, Thomas—An eccentric Philadelphian, whose professed business was that of an astrologer and planet-reader. He was first seen in that city about 1840, and in the following year had an office in Chestnut street, whence he removed to Fourth, at the corner of Arch, and Powell streets—Almshouse, Phila., April 20, aged about 70.

ISABELLA OF PORTUGAL, Princess—Born July 4, 1801, and from March 10, 1826, to Feb. 28, 1828, was Regent of Portugal—Lisbon, April 21.

KINTZING, Abraham—Well-known resident of Philadelphia—there, April 21.

LEAVENWORTH, Edward—Brother-in-law of R. W. Cameron the turf-breeder—Staten Island, N. Y., April 18, aged 47.

LYTTLETON, Lord George William—Born in London March 31, 1817, and graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge. He was active in educational matters, and from 1861 to 1863 was a member of the royal commission appointed to inquire into the management of the public schools. In 1866 he filled the position of Secretary of State for the Colonies—London, April 20, aged 59.

LORQUET, General Louis Michel Polemon—Con

76. ...the time taken to accomplish the distance being 1 hour 25¾sec. R. Watson was referee and timekeeper.

THE PATERSON (N. J.) HANDICAP.

The 130-yard handicap under the management of J. Turner, at Paterson, N. J., on the 17th and 18th inst., proved very successful, and two "four days" sport has not been had in that place for some time. Quite a large number of the sporting fraternity were present on the first day to witness the first eleven heats, which were contested as follows: Heat 1—F. E. Morley, of Newark, 5 yards; Wm. Allen, Paterson, 15½; G. Butterworth, Paterson, 17. It was won by Morley, who had Allen by 1yd., and Butterworth by 1½yds. Heat 2—A. Fleischer, Newark, 10½; John Holton, Paterson, 15½; M. Keefe, Paterson, 17. Won by the latter, leading his opponents about the same distance as in the first heat. Keefe shows good running qualities. Heat 3—This was the old men's race, and did not amount to anything, Stewart walking over. Heat 4—J. Post, Paterson, 15; R. Armitage, Paterson, 17. Won by Post, leading Armitage ½yd. Heat 5—S. Tiers, Paterson, 10; S. Millerchip, 15; B. Shorrock, Paterson, 20. Won by Shorrock by 4yds. ahead of Millerchip, and 6 ahead of Tiers. Heat 6—Jno. Allison, scratch; Thomas, Newark, 6; A. Tiers, Paterson, 9; E. G. Gonig, Paterson, 18. Won by Tiers, by 3yds. Heat 7—W. Hill, 16; W. Checkley, 18, all of Paterson. Won by the latter, by 3yds. ahead of Hill. Heat 8—R. Hobson, Paterson, 16; J. Lum, Newark, 9yds. Won by the former by 5yds. Heat 9—F. McCaffery, 19yds; F. Tiers, 14; J. Tooth, 12. Won by the former, by 1½yds ahead of Tiers, and 2½ of Tooth. Heat 10—J. Henley, 18; T. Van Houten, 20. Won by the latter, by 1 yard. Heat 11—Another old men's race. J. Wilkinson, Paterson, walked over.

SECOND DAY.—The winners of the heats the day previous were handicapped and run as follows: Heat 1—McCaffery, 19; J. Post, 15; A. Tiers, 9. It was won by the former, leading Tiers 1 yard and Post 2½. Heat 2—Morley, 12; Van Houten, 20. Won by the latter, by over a yard. This caused a great deal of excitement, as it was rumored that Morley was a professional from Providence, R. I., and had been permitted to run the first day under protest. Heat 3—Keefe, 17; Shorrock, 20. Won by the latter by 1½yds. Heat 5—Checkley, 18; Hobson, 16. Won by Hobson, by 1½yds. Heat 6—McCaffery, 19; Van Houten, 20; Shorrock, 20; Hobson, 16. Won by the former, leading Hobson by 2yds. and the other two by 1½yds. The first money, $70, was declared won by McCaffery, and a dead-heat granted Van Houten and Shorrock, and, another trial speedily ensued, Shorrock won, leading Van Houten by one yard. The second money, $20, and third, $10, were declared won by the last two. Another series of handicaps will take place on the 30th of May, under the same management.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB, organized by members of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Rowing Association of Troy, N. Y., will hold their first annual Spring games at Rensselaer Park on June 3. The programme embraces one-mile and three-mile walks, 100 yards, half-mile and mile runs, 120-yard hurdle race, running and standing high and wide jumps, three-legged, sack and egg race, hop, step and jump, and a consolation dash of 120 yards. The N. Y. A. C. rules will govern.

THE NEW GROUNDS chosen for the college athletic sports at Saratoga, N. Y., this year, are located near the southern border of the village, bounded on the west by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad and on the west by Ballston avenue. A quarter-mile track will be laid out, and a capacious grand-stand and other buildings erected.

JOHN OPPY, in an exhibition walk at the Yonkers (N. Y.) Lyceum Gymnasium, on the 5th, the attempt being to accomplish fourteen miles in two hours, is reported to have done it in 1 hour 59 minutes 19 seconds, inclusive of one minute's stoppage.

A 100-YARD FOOTRACE, best two in three heats, for $25 a side, between A. Chandler and G. Blackwell, was run at Parker's Landing, Pa., April 20, the former winning in two straight heats.

WE HAVE A LETTER for G. M. Wells.

THE TRIGGER.

CHAMPIONSHIP GOLD BADGE.—A short time ago Captain Bogardus announced that he was willing to put up for public competition the gold medal emblematic of the championship of the world, which he won in England last Summer, and offered it against all English challengers; the victor becoming also entitled to the holding of the world's championship. The challenge has been accepted by Dr. Bower Talbot, an English veterinary surgeon, residing in New York City, who stipulates that the match be shot on the first or second Monday in June, and within 500 miles of this city. Dr. Talbot is well known as a clever amateur shot, having contested several matches here, and in January last won the Long Island Cup. The conditions under which the championship medal is shot for are as follows: Each to shoot at 100 birds, as follows: First, 20 birds, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, 1¼oz. shot, from one ground trap, single barrel guns, each person to shoot 30 birds (15 pair), 18yds. rise, 1¼oz. shot, 100yds. boundary, two ground traps 4yds. apart, to be pulled both at the same time, double-barreled guns; third, 50 birds, 5 traps 5 yds. apart, 30yds. rise, 1¼oz. shot, 80yds. boundary, English rules. The 100 birds to be all trapped from one hamper. Each to pull for the other. Wm. Gwynne Price of Logan County, Ill., another Englishman, also accepted the challenge, and will shortly leave for this country with a view of getting himself in fine shape. On the leading of defeated by the Captain Bogardus' challenge and will shoot him for the World Championship Medal in one or two months at any place within 200 miles of Chicago.

THE GEIGER BULL'S-EYE BADGE was contested for at Gravesend, L. I., April 22, each of the seven competitors shooting at 1,000, 900 and 800 yards—twenty shots at the first range, fifteen at the second, and ten at the third; the highest attainable score being 225, and the greatest number of bull's-eyes to win. The fifteen contestants who completed their scores fired with this result: Henry Fuller, 59, 62, 53—174; 159 points; 18 bull's-eyes. L. M. Ballard, 68, 52, 44—164; 17. G. W. Yale, 59, 62, 38—159; 15. J. C. Allen, 57, 59, 35—151; 14. W. B. Farwell, 50, 57, 43—150; 14. R. Hathbone, 49, 51, 44—144; 14. A. Anderson, 56, 49, 34—139; 14. W. S. Enmeldorf, 48, 48, 43—144; 13. L. Webber, 46, 46, 44—136; 12. N. Washburne, 50, 38, 39—127; 10. F. Hyde, 50, 51, 37—148; 9. Homer Fisher, 23, 46, 40—109; 9. S. G. Perry, 48, 44, 41—133; 9. E. H. Raymond, 43, 45, 34—122; 8. E. A. Johnson (r. e.), 46, 34, 15—96; 4.

A PIGEON SHOOTING-MATCH took place at Oskaloosa, Ia., April 15, between John Woltz and Tom Pryor, at 25 single birds each, 21yds. rise, 80yds. fall, 1oz. shot, H and T ground traps, for $50 a side. They tied on 14, two of the birds hit by each falling dead out of bounds, and in shooting off (25 yards rise) Woltz brought down his three, while Pryor missed his first, and that settled it. The birds were retrieved by dogs, and, being given the advantage of half-gales of wind, went away like rockets, many, although badly hit, going right away with the wind, which accounts for the apparently bad score for such good shots as both are known to be.

LOUISIANA STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The pigeon-shooting match for the championship of the State of Louisiana, between Messrs. J. H. Ackley and L. C. Le Briton, came off at New Orleans on Friday, April 21. They shot in accordance with the conditions governing the championship, at 17 single and 9 double rises—25 birds each. Mr. Ackley proved the winner, scoring 32 birds killed to Mr. Le Briton's 29. The match created very great interest among sporting men in New Orleans.

THE PRIZE WINNERS at a rifle-shoot of the Massachusetts Association, at the range at Spy Pond, Boston, April 19, were: First-class—first, J. B. Osborn; second, W. H. Jackson: third, J. N. Frye. Second-class—first, E. B. Souther; second, C. C. Hebbard; third, J. F. Wheeler. Third-class—first, J. L. Stevenson; second, W. F. Symmes; third, E. W. Johnson.

THE TEAM of the New York Life-insurance Company defeated the representatives of the Continental Company at Creedmoor Jr., April 22. Score, 201 to 191.

AQUATIC.

THE HARVARD-YALE MATCH.—The representatives of Harvard and Yale Universities are working faithfully in getting ready for their eight-oared race at Springfield, Mass., and their daily spins on the waters in the vicinity of their respective colleges are witnessed by many interested friends. Of the ten men in training for Harvard four are from the Scientific School—W. J. Otis, James, Thayer and Irving—and those from the academic course are Bancroft, '78, Le Moin, '78, Bolan, '78, Worden, '78, Jacobs, '79, and A. P. Loring, '78. The average weight of these men is about 163lb.; the coxswain has not been selected. Loring, the stroke of the International University Crew of 1869, who is coaching this crew, has adopted the English style of rowing, and Richards, formerly a member of the University crew of the English Cambridge, is helping him coach. The Yale eight is made up at present as follows: Bow, Wood, '76, weight, 154lb.; No. 2, Kellogg, '76, 158; No. 3, Cooke, '77, 159; No. 4, Thompson, '79, 159; No. 5, Collin, '77, 165; No. 6, Fowler, '76, 165; No. 7, Kennedy, '75, 158; stroke, R. J. Cook, '76, 154. Average weight, 159lb. Last year's crew averaged 157lb. at the time of the race. The coxswain is Dill, '79, who weighs 95lb. Trumbull, '76, and James, '79, have practiced with the crew in the gymnasium, and these, with Collin, Cooke and Thompson, have never rowed in a university race before. Thompson is a Freshman, and has never rowed, but he is considered the most athletic man in the crew. Wood was unable to practice during the Winter, on account of a broken leg, but now pulls as well as ever.

A REGATTA AT HALIFAX.—A dispatch informs us that the members of the Halifax yacht clubs and other leading citizens of Halifax, N. S., propose to hold an international professional rowing regatta in that harbor, in August next, and it is confidently expected that it will eclipse that which took place there in the Summer of 1871. The dispatch says positively that two crews representing Halifax, the St. John Paris crew, and a four from Indiantown, N. B., will take part, and one or two crews from England, and others from New York, Pittsburg and Boston are expected to take a hand in. It is to be hoped that the efforts now earnestly making will be successful, and that the example of the Blue Noses may be imitated by admirers of the sport in other sections, so that proper inducements may be held out to home and foreign oarsmen to undertake the long journey, which requires more time and a greater monetary outlay than our professionals can afford to give under other circumstances.

THE LAKEMAN BOAT CLUB of Boston, Mass., held a regatta April 17, 18, over a course from Commercial wharf to Buoy 11 and return. On the first day they turned out six crews in a four-oared race, the D. Davidson (J. Gallagher, bow; A. House, H. Doherty, J. McEleny, stroke) beating the Annarilla, Hurricane, Shoo-fly, Columbia and Smith. In the sculling race on the 18th, C. McNamara was the winner; T. Roach second, and J. McJunkin third. Silver medals constituted the prizes.

IT IS NOW SAID that the only four which will represent Pittsburg in the professional race at Philadelphia in August will consist of Henry Coulter and Sonny Long of the Allegheny Barge Club, Ed. Powell of the Columbine, and Pat Luther of the Clipper Club—or, in case the latter don't pull, probably Sam Faulkener of the Allegheny Club. *The Leader* says it is not believed that Eph Morris will row there at all, which will be a surprising piece of news to the majority of our readers.

THE BOWDOIN BOAT CLUB of Cambridge, Mass., have a crew in training—John Teaffe, Tim Reedam, John O'Neil and Dennis Shea, with Pat Waddell and Pat Welch as subs—which they are represented to be desirous of matching against the Faulkner-Reagan, City Point, or any other New England four, to row in boats of the best class, on the gunwale, three or five miles, for from $200 to $500 a side, one month from signing.

THE DELAWARE ROWING CLUB is the title adopted by the Consolidated Undines and Pioneers of Wilmington, Del., the officers of which are: President, J. L. Jackson; vice-president, S. A. Macallister; secretary and treasurer, J. G. Lindsay; captain, J. D. Conrow; lieutenant, J. H. Cameron; house committee—J. D. Conrow, J. H. Cameron, J. L. Jackson.

IT NOW SEEMS doubtful whether the Paris crew of St. John, N. B., will row at Philadelphia, as two of them are employed in the Custom Department, and as yet leave of absence has not been obtained for them. Instead of $2,000 having been raised, as reported, to defray their expenses, not $400 has, so far, been subscribed, 'tis said.

THE SHAWMUT CLUB of South Boston, Mass., have picked up the gauntlet thrown down by Teaffe, Reedman, O'Neil and Shea, and propose to row either in fours (shells), single or double-scull, or all, for as much as $500 a side each match.

THE BOSTON and City Point Club crews of the Hub are watched with much interest as they take their daily breathers on the Charles River. The gunwale race takes places on May 6. No referee has as yet been selected.

CAPT. PAUL BOYTON, the clebrated swimmer and diver, sailed for Liverpool, Eng., by the White Star steamer Celtic which left this port April 25. He proposes making a tour of the world, and will probably be gone three years.

THE HARVARD CLUB of this city will give an entertainment in aid of the University crew now matched with Yale, at the Union League Club Theatre, on Monday evening, May 8.

REPRESENTATIVES of Harvard and Yale Universities met at Springfield, Mass., April 17, and chose Prof. A. M. Wheeler of Yale, referee in the eight-oared race, June 30.

THOS. WINSHIP of Newcastle, and Henry Thomas of Hammersmith, Eng., have been matched to row over the championship course on the Thames, for £100 a side, in June.

THE SPRING REGATTA of the Rensselaer Polytechnic B. A. of Troy, N. Y., comprising single-scull, four-oared and tub-races, is fixed to take place on the Hudson June 10.

THE OPENING REGATTA of the American Model Yacht Association will be held at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, May 15.

JOHN BLAKELY is notified of a communication awaiting him in our care.

THE TURF.

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY, APRIL 18.

The second day's racing at New Orleans was witnessed by a large concourse of visitors, the weather being pleasant and the track in good running order. The sport commenced with a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for the Club Purse of $250, for all ages. Seven horses came to the post, viz., Jennings' Verdigris, Colvill's Osseo, Morris' Alton, Hitchcock's Springlet, Wilson's Tom O'Neil, Cheatham's Asterlite and Brady's Mollie B. On the course, just before the race, pools sold: Osseo, $115; Verdigris, $28; Springlet, $26; O'Neil, $20; field, $25. The lot of horses got off all together, Verdigris speedily assuming in front, and, without ever being headed, winning the race cleverly by a length in 1:17½. Osseo beating Alton for second money.

The Louisiana Stakes for four-year-olds, one of the most important races of the meeting, next came on for decision. It is a sweepstakes of $25 each, p. p., with $700 added by the club, the second horse receiving $200 out of the stakes, two-mile heats. Of the eight horses entered, only three came to the post: Waddle's Pompey's Pillar, Pelmel's Volcano, and F. O. Minor's Nannie F. Volcano's brilliant performances last season caused him to be made the favorite, selling for $230 against Pompey's Pillar $90, and Nannie F. $25. Volcano won the first heat in 3:42½; but he was so lame and distressed for want of condition that Pompey's Pillar became first choice, bringing $650 to Volcano's $150. Nannie F. was distanced in the first heat. Pompey's Pillar won the second heat in 3:46¾, and the third heat and race in a common canter in 4:17½; Volcano breaking down before running a mile in the last heat, and being distanced. The winner is by Uncle Vic (a son of Lexington) out of Amanda Buford, by Glénoce; he won six out of thirteen races last season, and is a colt of remarkable endurance. Value of the stakes, $900.

A mile dash for all ages, for a purse of $300, to carry 100lb each, with the customary 3lb allowance for mares and geldings, was the last race, and brought out six starters Burton's Survivor, Peoha's Kilburn, Welch's Capt. Hutchinson, Cottrill's Puss Brodnax, Hitchcock's Cariboo, Minor's Falmouth, and Bronatt's Capt. Reeder. In the pools Survivor sold for $270; Kilburn, $260; Capt. Hutchinson, $50; Puss Brodnax, $50; Cariboo, $45; and Falmouth, $25. When the drum was tapped, Kilburn jumped off with the lead, was never headed, although Survivor pushed him close, and finally won the race by a length in 1:45, Survivor second, and Capt. Hutchinson third.

THIRD DAY—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19.

A large attendance and good racing were the features of the third days sport. The sun had dried the track finely, and it was in splendid order for running. The first race was for the Club Purse of $350, for all ages, one mile and an eighth. Five stripped, and third horses receiving respectively $75 and $25. Six horses entered, viz.: J. Funk's Harry Hill, G. Morris' Enlister, W. Jennings' Verdigris, W. Cottrill's Osseo, N. C. Cheatham's Newbern, and J. E. Wilson's Tom O'Neil. Newbern was the favorite in the pools sold on the track, bringing $65; Osseo, $50; Enlister, $45; Verdigris, $40; Harry Hill, $30; and Tom O'Neil, $8. This proved a close and well-contested race, Harry Hill winning by half a head from Enlister, who, by a head, beat Verdigris half a neck. Time, 1:59. Harry Hill had been badly beaten in the Pickwick Stakes, on the first day, won by Mediator, owing to the heavy track; hence the low prices he brought in the pools for this race. The second race was a dash of three miles for the club purse of $600, of which the second and third horses had $60 and $40 respectively. Only three horses started, viz., Gay's Sam Harper, Hitchcock's Busy Bee, and Harrison's Falmouth. Sam Harper in the pools brought $140 to both the others in the field $30. He won with ease in 5:43½. Busy Bee second. The winner is a Texas-bred horse by Rebel (a son of Socks by Albion) out of Mary Kimbrow by Rupee. The third race was for the Club Purse of $400, mile heats, second horse receiving $100 out of it. The runners were Welch's Capt. Hutchinson, Cottrill's Puss Brodnax, and Brady's Mollie B. In the pools Capt. Hutchinson sold for $100; Puss Brodnax, $100; and Mollie B., $11. Capt. Hutchinson won in two straight heats; time, 1:48½, 1:49½; Puss Brodnax second, and Mollie B. distanced in the first heat.

FOURTH DAY—THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

The weather, track, and attendance were alike favorable on the fourth day of the meeting, and the racing was productive of general gratification, except to the losing speculators. A mile and quarter dash for the Club Purse of $300—for all ages, with allowances in weight according to the entered selling price—commenced the sport. Three horses ran: C. Feine's Kilburn, 5yrs., 100lb; G. Morris' Alton, 4yrs., 94lb; and L. A. Hitchcock's Springlet, 4yrs., 91lb. Alton and Kilburn each sold in the pools for $150, and Springlet for $30. The race was confined entirely to the two favorites, Kilburn winning by a length from Alton in 2:13¾.

The second race was a dash of one mile and a half for a purse of $350, for all ages, the second and third horses taking $30 and $20, respectively. The three runners were Capt. Cottrill's filly Ascension, Burton's Survivor, and Wilson's Jack Trigg. Ascension was made a favorite, selling for $200; Survivor, $85; and Jack Trigg, $10. It proved a mere exercising gallop for the Mobile filly Ascension, who won easily in 2:42½, Survivor taking second money. The third and last race was one of mile heats, best three in five, for the Club Purse of $500, of which $100 went to the second horse. The runners were Cheatham's Newbern, Morris' Enlister, and Welch's Port Leonard. Enlister had the call, selling for $200, Newbern for $130, and Port Leonard for $40. Newbern won the first heat in 1:47, and then sold for $120 to Enlister $50, and Port Leonard $40. He won the second heat in 1:45, and the odds rose to $100 to $20 on him. He won the third heat and race in 1:46¾, Enlister second in each heat.

FIFTH DAY—FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

The first race was the hurdle handicap, two miles, over eight hurdles, for the Club Purse of $300, of which the second and third horses received respectively $50 and $25. The runners were Cottrill's Col. Nelligan, 145lb; Hitchcock's Busy Bee, 127lb; Wadsall's Turpin, 115lb; Van Law's Astropes, 115lb; McGinnis' Vandal Jr., 142lb; Hitchcock's Cariboo, 135lb; and Welch's Port Leonard, 135lb. Col. Nelligan was the favorite in the pools, bringing $410; Vandal Jr., $350; field, $140. Port Leonard fell at the first hurdle, and Vandal Jr. at the second. Cariboo at the last hurdle, Col. Nelligan winning cleverly by a length from Busy Bee, with Pompey Smash third. Time, 3:53. The mile-heat race, a free handicap for the Club Purse of $400, of which the second received $100, brought out four runners: Peine's Kilburn, 107lb; Hitchcock's Springlet, 90lb; Jack Trigg, 90lb; and Mollie B., 85lb. Before the first heat Kilburn sold even against the field, but his backers felt dismayed when they saw him rear up and fall over on his back, injuring his rider severely. Another jockey was procured, but he was unable to get the horse out, and Springlet won the heat in 1:47½. Another rider was then put upon Kilburn, and he won the second and third heats and the race easily. Time, 1:47, 1:53¾. Springlet second. After the first heat, Kilburn still held his place as favorite, bringing $250; Springlet, $150; field, $50. After the second heat, the odds were $100 to $5 on Kilburn winning the race. The third race was a dash of a mile and three-quarters for the Club Purse of $400, the two runners being Capt. Cottrill's Stampede and M. Welch's Capt. Hutchinson. The betting was $200 to $100 on Stampede, who won the race in a canter. Time, 3:13¾.

SIXTH DAY—SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

The Spring meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club was brought to a successful termination on this day. The weather continued clear and pleasant throughout, and the attendance was large and select. The opening race of the day was the Fortuna Stakes for three-year-olds, $25 entrance, play or pay, with $700 added by the club; the second and third horses receiving respectively $150 and $50 out of the stakes. The distance was one mile and a half, and the winner of the Pickwick Stakes on the first day of the meeting had to carry 7lb extra. Of the thirteen subscribers only three came to the post, viz., J. Funk's Harry Hill, W. Cottrill's Osseo, and his Southern Express. Harry Hill was the favorite for this race, the odds being $100 to $25 on his winning. This he did easily enough by three lengths in 2:42½, Osseo second, and Southern Express, who is the property of Helmbold's prudence, third. The Fortuna Stakes has been established four years, and this is the first time Capt. Cottrill has failed to win it.

Mile Dash, for a purse of $300, for horses that had run and not won at the meeting, one mile, had for starters Bristow's Survivor, Morris' Enlister, and Cottrill's Puss Brodnax. Survivor sold in pools for $350; Enlister, $170; and Puss Brodnax, $50. It proved a capital race, Survivor beating Enlister by a length in 1:44½, which is as fast a mile as has ever been run over this track. The Four-mile-heat Race, for a purse of $1,200, of which $200 went to the second horse, had only two runners: Gay's Texan horse Sam Harper, and Minor's Falmouth. The betting in pools was $110 for Harper and $10 for Falmouth. The latter was distanced in the first heat in 7:42, and Sam Harper took the entire purse.

BREEDERS' CENTENNIAL TROTTING MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, during the coming season, will undoubtedly be the great centre of the trotting turf, judging from present indications. While the leading trotting circuits of this country, comprising such important meetings as those of Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Springfield, Hartford and Poughkeepsie, have this year greatly reduced the amount of money given in purses for public competition, as compared with previous seasons, Philadelphia comes boldly forward, and announces a series of trotting meetings at Point Breeze Park, Suffolk Park and Belmont Park, unparalleled in number and importance, and the large amount of money given aggregating nearly half a million dollars. These meetings will contribute largely to the pleasures of our national festival, and render Philadelphia the centre of the trotting interests of the American turf. In addition to the regular meetings of the above-named Associations belonging to the City of Brotherly Love, there is another, and to breeders of trotting stock the most important of all—the Inaugural Breeders' Centennial Trotting Meeting, which takes place at Suffolk Park on the 26, 27, 28, 29. The objects contemplated by the projectors and managers of this meeting are the bringing together in class, purses and public contests of speed, the best young horses in the country of three years old, four years old, five years old, and six years old. Four purses of $2,500 each for these different ages were announced, and the large number of entries made in them, augers well for the success of the enterprise. Breeders of every grazing State in the Union, from Maine to California, are represented, as are the most distinguished trotting sires of the day. The Revolution Race, for a purse of $2,500, divided into first, second, third, and fourth money, is for three-year-olds exclusively, and closed with 36 entries, the largest number ever received in a trotting race in this country. The Independence Race for five-year-olds, for a similar purse, and trotted on the same day as the Revolution Race, has 21 entries; comprehending such renowned horses as Governor Sprague, Blackwood Jr., Piedmont, Maud Macy, Alathea, Girtie, Neil, and Freshman. The Republic Race for a purse of $2,500, for four-year-olds, has 25 entries, among them two from California. The Continental Race for a purse of $2,500, for stallions that have never beaten 2:40, has 35 entries. The National Cup of $1,000 is open for all stallions, to be awarded to the one

"MY PARD JIM."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Say, you a yarn? Toss a jog on the fire,
Ain't it cold, by dam! If I don't, I'm a liar.
Thar, now, things is cheerful;
Yo, give me a light—
Snakes an' grizzlies! don't the wind
Howl an' blow to-night?
About my pard old Jim Snell—
That's the yarn I'm going to tell.

Who was this Jim? A rattlin' beau,
Sure to win in a fightin' mum.
We toiled for years together
Up thar in the mines,
Fought an' trapped, won an' lost,
In them good old times.
Jim could shoot, ride an' run;
Handlin' cards he war some.

Wal, one Winter's night, jist five years ago,
Never, by a darned sight, did ye see such snow.
Jim an' me were in our cabin,
Meadin' traps an' keepin' warm:
"Hist," said he, "thar's mischief brewin'."
Snatched his "pet" and bounced the storm.
What did I do? Nothin' jest then.
Jim, I knew, war worth six men.

A-fixin' Honey. That's my gun—
Bet your money she are plumb.
Thar I sat about five minutes;
Got it done and charged the toy.
Sudden came a cry of *business;*
"Help! for God's sake, help, old boy!"
It war Jim's shout—once war 'nough;
Boys, I slid out lost like—that puff.

Follerin' the trail in the snow,
The 'Frisco mail to me war slow.
Quicker'n I can tell you 'bout it,
I reached a clump of ground
Whar the snow war red and dirty,
An' this knife of Jim's I found.
"Ho, Jim!" I cried, my heart war still.
"Ho, Jim!" replied a mockin' hill.

Off to the west horse-tracks led;
Jim at best war taken—war dead.
I asked me that ar question,
An' know I war almost wild;
My old pard gone, what could I do?
Nothin', but cry like a child.
Nary a friend left in the snow,
And the fierce wind—what's that, Jo?

"Heard a noise?" Only the wind—
You're nervous, boys: but never mind—
I've little more to tell you.
For years I've looked for Jim,
Kinder hopin' he was livin'—
Reckon that ar chance is slim.
'Twar jest a night like this—ho, ho!
All's not right. This way, Jo.

Another shout! Thar goes a gun!
Scatter about—we're in for fun.
The reds have spotted this here cabin.
Can't see through the storm.
Ah! the noise ar' comin' nearer.
Steady, pards, we'll make 'em warm!
Hist! that's a yell—a cry for help.
P'raps it's a sell. Another yelp!

Now I see someone comin'—
Griz hug me, but he ar runnin'.
Ah! I perceive, that's the row.
Thinks I, by signs he's pursued;
Steady, mob—I'll give the signal:
Bill! to the door, thar comes the brood!
Another shot—great Heavens, men!
He ar' brought—no; 'tees again.

Wounded, that's sartin. He's runnin' once more;
It's time they were startin'. Fire! Bill, the door!
That's somethin' they warn't 'spectin'.
Is the stranger wounded bad?
Attend to him for a short spell—
I present I'm fightin' mad!
Thar they run through the snow.
Aint it fun? See 'em go.

How's the stranger? Think he's dying?
Not that danger. The reds they're flying.
Why, darn it, boys, I believe you're right—
This man's a-goin' under.
See him stare at me an' smile.
Been him? No—I wonder
Can he speak? Hear him sigh;
Yes, too weak. Wish he'd try.

A handsome chap. Some brandy, Bill.
A darned mishap: he's got his fill.
Hush! he speaks—brushes my name—
"Dear—old boy!" at last he said.
O Heaven, have mercy! But another word.
Speak to me—speak—too late—dead.
My heart's broke now. Did ye see him?
Eh, boys, how? Why, *that ere's Jim.* C. D. S.

LA BELLE REINE,
Or Death on the Stage.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ADAH M. HOWARD.

Paul Denville, one of the wealthiest of New York's merchant princes, is lying wearily back upon a sofa of crimson velvet, drawn up before a glowing grate-fire. He is surrounded by every comfort and luxury that wealth can provide; yet I doubt if in the great busy city there is a heart more sad than his on this night of which we write. Gazing into the glowing embers of the cheery fire, he lives over again the scenes of dead years. Sixteen years ago this very night a terrible sorrow had come to him, and a shadow settled over his life whose darkness would never be dispelled until death blotted out the memory of all earthly things. He had left New York on business that compelled him to be over a week absent from home, and on his return found his house closed. Rina dishonored, and his wife, whom he had loved with passionate devotion and blind, unquestioning faith, fled from the shelter of his roof to follow the fortunes of a worthless libertine, an Italian opera-singer.

Florence Denville had been a beautiful, brilliant young creature, wild and soulless as a butterfly, the lenaing ornament of her own charming gipsy face and demanding admiration and homage as her rightful due. She never really understood the depths of her grave, silent husband's love for her; and when the handsome, lustrous-eyed Italian crossed her path, and wooed her with passionate, adoring words and eloquence, she fell an easy victim to the devil-ish wiles, and the tender, trusting husband, the blue-eyed, laughing baby-girl, and, more than all, her woman's honor, were forgotten, and, leaving behind her all that was good and pure and holy, she fled with her companion in guilt, and Paul Denville found his infant daughter weeping for the mother who had so cruelly deserted her. The blow well-nigh broke his honest heart, and for weeks he hovered between life and death, completely prostrated by that dreadful ending to all his hopes. He arose from his bed of illness an altered man, cold, silent, and to all appearance dead to all feelings of pity and tenderness. Even the fair child of her fallen sister found for a time no interest in him; he could not forget that she was *her* child, the offspring of one who had robbed him of every hope of happiness. He made no effort to find the runaway. She had chosen her lot, henceforth she was as one dead to him. He discharged all the servants, and filled the house with new faces, and the name of his wife was never mentioned. The little girl was too young to grieve for her mother after the first few days of absence, and by the time the summer of the beautiful, guilty creature faded from every heart except that of the man whom she had wronged and betrayed so shamefully. In his heart the memory of her false, fair face could never die; but it rankled there like a festering wound, and left its traces on his pale, saddened face, and bleached his clustering brown hair to silver, through her fingers had often strayed in false caresses, to a snowy whiteness, even while his life was in its early prime. His child—sweet Pearl Denville—had grown unutterably dear to him as years rolled on; and now, on the night of which we write, his sad face brightens, and a welcoming smile drives from its depths their look of pain, as the library-door is thrown open and Pearl enters.

"My pet, how long you have kept me waiting! How is the headache now? You cannot imagine how tasteless my dinner was to-night, because I missed your bright face at the table. Ah! little girl, I never before realized how much it will miss you when you have left me to grace the home of another."

Pearl Denville, usually merry and playful as a young kitten, made no answer to her father's words; but, sinking on her knees at his feet, dropped her bright, golden head upon his shoulder, and he could feel how cold as an icy chill her cheek was to her touch. The gas had not yet been lighted in the room; but the ruddy glow of the firelight shone full upon the sweet face of Paul Denville's child, and he could see that it was strangely altered since he had last seen it at the breakfast-table that morning. Then her sweet, childlike mouth had been wreathed in rosy bloom, her blue, sunny eyes were full of mirth and happiness, and the bloom of the wildrose flushed her dimpled cheeks. Now she was whiter than any lily. Her lips quivered with some uncontrollable anguish, and her blue eyes were pitiful in their look of woe.

"My own dear, my little Pearl! what is it grieves you thus? Has anything happened to Warren Prescott or——"

Pearl interrupted him with a low, moaning cry, as he mentioned the name of Warren Prescott, and again he felt the slight form shiver in his arms. A sudden thought that was bitter as death flashed across his brain. Had some venomous tongue whispered in her ear the story of her mother's shame? For sixteen years it had been the object of his life to hide from his pure and innocent child that fatal tale of disgrace and treachery, and her fair, proud face had never known the flush of shame.

"Pearl! my darling, speak quickly! I cannot bear this agonizing suspense. Something terrible must have happened to change you so," he whispered hoarsely, and Pearl clung to him closer, while in a voice, broken often by dry, tearless sobs, and moans of passionate pain, she told him the story of her sorrow.

For the past three months she had been the betrothed wife of Warren Prescott, and she loved him with all the passionate tenderness of a pure woman's heart, and Paul Denville had been happy in her choice, for Warren was the only son of a wealthy and honorable man, and one to whom he was not afraid to trust his fair child's happiness. He had left the young lovers much to themselves, for the sight of their happiness recalled too vividly the days when he had wooed his fair, false Florence; but now every word Pearl uttered was an unconscious reproach to him, for from her he learned that for weeks past Warren Prescott had acted coldly and altered, and strangely peevish of her whom he had professed to love. Still blindly trustful as her father had been in the dark days of the past, Pearl Denville never for a moment doubted his love for her, until, on this fatal anniversary of a fatal day, she had accidentally overheard a conversation between two gentlemen who called themselves her father's friends.

Pearl had called that morning on her friend Amy Ross, and, while waiting in the parlor for Amy's appearance, was suddenly startled by the sound of men's voices in a little reception-room, merely separated from that in which she sat by a heavy velvet curtain.

She would have made some sound to warn them of her presence, but just at this moment words came to her ear that sent the warm blood in an icy torrent back to her heart.

"Poor little Pearl Denville! I am really sorry for her. I wonder if she has heard yet of Warren Prescott's mad infatuation for the popular actress La Belle Reine?" exclaimed a voice which Pearl recognized as that of Amy Ross' father.

The companion to whom the words were addressed was a man who frequently visited Pearl's father, and had always treated Pearl with marked admiration and respect. Every word he now uttered pierced her heart like the sting of a serpent.

"Bah! Ross, your pity is thrown away on her. If she inherits her mother's evil propensities, she will soon console herself for his loss. She is very like Florence Denville as I can remember her, with all her gay, kittenish ways, and childish grace. If she had her mother's glorious gipsy beauty, she would be simply irresistible; but I, for my part, do not admire these silly-faced blondes, be they ever so beautiful. By-the-bye, have you seen this radiant creature who calls herself La Belle Reine. She is truly magnificent, and I think it not unlikely that Warren Prescott will go so far as to make her his wife. He is madly in love with her, and she smiles on him, or rather on his gold."

"By Jove! the fellow must be mad; that woman is old enough to be his mother, and surely his proud and exclusive father will disown the boy if he dare make that un-known foreign actress his wife."

It was Ross who spoke last, but the pale young creature, who stood like one suddenly turned to stone, listening to the terrible words, scarcely knew when they ceased. A low laugh broke from the lips of Ross' friend, and he lit a fresh cigar as he replied:

"Nonsense, my friend! Old Prescott has lately learned the story of Florence Denville, and he would welcome the famous actress to his home much sooner than the daughter of a——"

The word he would have uttered died on his lips, for at this moment the sound of a heavy fall was heard in the adjoining apartment, and both gentlemen, rushing in simultaneously, found golden-haired Pearl Denville lying senseless on the floor, with her white face upturned, and her hands tightly clenched, like one who had died in agony.

Mrs. Ross and Amy were immediately summoned, and soon succeeded in restoring the poor child to consciousness. How she reached home the poor child never knew; she had a vague recollection of being driven through the bustling city streets, and of the alarmed looks cast upon her by the coachman as he assisted her in and out of the carriage. Not until now, that she knelt at her father's feet and poured into his ears the story as she had heard it, did she seem to realize the full extent of her misery.

"Papa! O my father! You, too, have been cruel, unutterably cruel, to your poor little girl. Why have you allowed her to grow up in ignorance of her mother's fate, only to be crushed by the knowledge at this late day?"

She moaned, and the reproachful voice went to the father's heart like the thrust of a keen-edged dagger. He could not find words to comfort her—grief like hers cannot be easily assuaged—and, holding his beautiful, suffering child close-pressed to his aching heart, he cursed the woman whose sin was casting its shadow over her fair young life as he had never before cursed her, even when his own heart was broken by her treachery.

"My darling, my lone heart's one treasure! Your wrongs shall be avenged!" he whispered hoarsely, and, putting her gently from him, prepared to leave the house without any definite idea of what he intended to do, and only conscious of a desire to punish the man who could so basely deceive and abandon his fair child. Something in the expression of his face, and the strange light which gleamed in his eyes, frightened Pearl; and when he had lit the gas, and was drawing on his overcoat, she rose from her kneeling posture, and clung to his arm in sudden terror.

"Papa, what would you do? Oh, do not harm him. Forgive him for my sake. Take me with you to-night, if you would not have me die of terror and suspense. Father, you love me very dearly, I know. You have never denied me anything I craved of you. Will you be less kind to-night when I am suffering so keenly?"

The sweet, pale face, and tremulous lips were very near his own, and the beautiful, shadowed eyes looked into his. How could he deny her anything she asked? He kissed her over and over again, and the child, believing she had won her point, dropped her head thick upon her golden head. Suddenly she looked up at him, a crimson flush on her face, a feverish light in her large, azure eyes.

"Papa! will you take me to the theatre to-night? I want to see this great tragic queen—this beautiful actress who has won his love from me. Don't deny me this doubtful pleasure, papa; it may do me good to look upon her face. Let us go to-night; La Belle Reine plays Lady Macbeth."

"Very well, Pearl; I will go, since you desire it, if you are equal to the ordeal. Go and dress immediately, for it is already long past seven," he said wearily, and Pearl left him to don her evening dress.

"I will be most likely to meet him there, and the world will see over my devotion to the accursed actress, while my child will be pitied and subjected to the idle gossip of a thousand venomous tongues. O God! keep me to-night from adding to the pain my darling already suffers; keep me from laying violent hands on Warren Prescott," he murmured, pacing the floor with rapid strides, until Pearl reappeared, looking more lovely than ever, he thought, in her dress of training azure-blue satin, with the jewels which suited best her delicate beauty—the fair white pearls whose name she bore—encircling her rounded throat, and shining from her small, shell-tinted ears, and a single white rose looping back the heavy curls of her golden hair. Her eyes shine on her father with a strange and unnatural brilliancy, and the little hand she glides into his is hot as a living coal. He gazes into her face in vague alarm as he wraps her opera-cloak about her fragile little form and hands her into the carriage. He is fortunate enough to secure a box on the first tier, almost on a level with the stage; and when Pearl is seated, he attempts to draw the curtains to protect her from the admiring gaze of the many eyes that turn on her fair, flushed face.

"No, no, papa! I would see and be seen to-night. They shall not know how deep the iron has entered into my soul," she whispered, and never before had she appeared so beautiful and brilliant as to-night.

Several gentlemen stepped into their box before the rising of the curtain, with whom she conversed with all her old, childish gayety, even when they spoke loud in the praise of the actress La Belle Reine. Both Paul Denville and his daughter looked in vain for Warren Prescott among the audience, and Pearl breathed more freely when she became certain he was not near her. The curtain rose at last, and Pearl's eyes were riveted upon the stage, although she saw only a confused glimmer of lights, and the sound of the actors' voices came to her as from a great distance. Not until a wild burst of applause shook the building to its very foundation, and murmurs of La Belle Reine's name floated around her, did she realize that the woman who had stolen from her the heart she coveted stood before her. Leaning eagerly forward in the box, she saw the Lady Macbeth of the evening, in her queenly robes, bowing in acknowledgment of their reception. It was a beautiful face upon which Pearl Denville's eyes lingered—a brilliant, dusky, Spanish face, lit up by great glowing, midnight eyes. Her mouth was small and perfect, and about the ruddy, pouting lips there lingered the light of a witching smile.

"Papa, do you see her?" Pearl whispered, and, raising her eyes suddenly to her father's face, she was appalled by the ghastly pallor and the terrible change that had passed over it at the sight of La Belle Reine.

"Good God! Pearl, that woman is your mother!" he gasped, and the sound of his low, hoarse voice reached the quick ears of the tragic queen, for she raised her glorious eyes and glanced for one moment on the two white, awful faces gazing on her from the private-box; then, with a shrill cry, held up her arms as if to ward off a blow, and staggered forward, but not quick enough to escape the vengeance she saw written on the face of him she had so cruelly wronged.

He had risen to his feet, drawn something from his pocket that glittered in the gaslight, and ere anyone had time to realize his intention there was a flash and a loud report, and beautiful Reine fell bleeding to the ground, just as Warren Prescott rushed madly from behind the scenes and threw himself in an agony of grief down by her side. A scene of wildest confusion now reigned. A dozen strong arms were outstretched to grasp the murderer; but, laughing wildly in the sudden madness that had fallen on him, he turned the pistol to his own head and fired. Dying without a groan. In such a horrible scene, and one never forgotten by those who witnessed it, Pearl was carried out white and senseless, with the crimson blood that had flowed from her father's heart staining her rich dress and even tingeing the shining gold of her hair. La Belle Reine had but few minutes to live, and, resting in Warren Prescott's arms, she gasped out her dying words.

"It is but just—this sudden ending to a wicked and vile life. I die by my husband's hand—the husband I wronged so cruelly. I am Florence Denville, though for years I have not heard the name. You will know my story—I have written it all—here is the key of the little rosewood casket in my pocket. It will find the fatal vale. O God! to die thus—it is hard—in the morning of my triumph. O! for one forgiving word from the lips of my child. Warren, I did not love you; but for your gold I would have wedded you, even though by so doing I robbed my child of happiness, as I had broken her father's heart. You see, I am all bad and false and worthless. Cast from your heart the memory of your love for me, and deal gently with her——"

Her voice failed here, and Warren Prescott, horrified by the words she had spoken, put her from his arms with a shudder of repulsion. The curtain had fallen, and those who stood around the dying actress had their own back to let her speak to the one who was her acknowledged lover in peace. When Warren laid her out of his arms they crowded around her, and once again her lovely eyes opened, and, although they now were dim with the mists of death, they had still their old, fatal power—for tears of pity stole into the eyes long unused to weeping, for La Belle Reine possessed the power of an enchantress, and won all hearts by the witchery of her beauty. She looked around upon the actors in their gay attire, and her mind wandered. Again she was Lady Macbeth, and, raising herself on her elbow, she spoke words of the part she never more would act with the old, queenly dignity that had been wont to thrill the hearts of thousands, her voice ringing out with startling distinctness in that solemn hour:

"Go, get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood."

She paused, waiting for Macbeth's answer; but, while she waited, her lustrous eyes grew glassy, her dusky head fell back, and Florence Denville, the guilty wife and heartless mother—La Belle Reine, the popular favorite of the stage—was dead. When she had been buried with great pomp and ceremony by the profession, who knew nothing of her former life, Warren Prescott read her wretched life as she had written it—her temptation, her fall, her flight from home, her paramour's desertion of her, her subsequent gay life, and her success as an actress, her longing for a sight of her child's face, and feelings of jealousy and bitterness which had filled her heart when she returned to her native land to find that child enjoying the wealth that would have been hers had she been true to her husband.

When Warren Prescott fell so madly in love with her she resolved to win him for sake of his money, as she had said, and utterly regardless of the suffering of the daughter, whom she hated for her innocent and pure loveliness. This was La Belle Reine's story. We have seen how it ended.

Of Warren Prescott's grief and remorse we cannot write. The beautiful, suffering face of sweet Pearl Denville haunted him day and night; and when the orphan girl recovered from the long and dangerous illness that threatened life and reason, and he knew that she was carefully tended by the loving hands of her father's aged mother, he went abroad and traveled from place to place for two years, vainly striving to drive the fair child's image from his heart, but finding nowhere the oblivion he sought. Giving up the useless struggle in despair at last, he returned to his native land, to find Pearl Denville even more beautiful than of yore, with the chastened and purified loveliness of one who has suffered much, and come out of the fiery furnace victorious. In the peaceful hush of a Summer twilight he asked her to give her sweet young life into his keeping, and for an answer she dropped her gold-crowned head upon his breast, and, looking into the shadowed depths of her sweet, blue eyes he knew that the pure heart had never wavered in its fond allegiance. He took her with him to a distant, foreign land, and in after years, when fair children gathered round their fireside, something of peace and happiness came to the two fond hearts that had been nearly broken by one woman's sin.

HE WAS DELAYED.—A Detroit lady purchased a jacket at a Woodward-avenue store the other day, and the clerk said he would send it right home inside of half an hour. In about four hours a package boy appeared with the garment, and the impatient lady exclaimed: "You boys are the greatest nuisance in town! I suppose you stopped to play marbles or hunt up a lost dog." "Indeed I didn't," he replied. "I went up home to change hats, and ma she had to try on the jacket and parade before the glass. Then Katy she put it on to make a call, and when she got back ma was determined to walk over on Woodward avenue to show it off, and I got here as quick as ever I could."

MOVING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHESTINA.

On the raggest edge of tearing,
Packing up the stock in store,
Seizing things from wonted places,
Gone the charm the homestead wore,
Nothing speaks of home or comfort—
Empty larder—naked floor.

Every room is in a turmoil—
Heavy is it, but where to stay?
All that made it snug and pleasant
Folded, packed, and in the way.
Homesick for the cosy corner,
Troubles on the spirit prey.

Walls are bare and fires extinguished,
Nothing cheers or offers rest;
Halls are blocked by nameless chattels,
Not a place to take a guest.
Hands are tired and brain is weary—
Desolation tells it best.

See the carpets, curtain-fixtures,
Bedding, crockery and glass,
Cutlery, and books, and heirlooms,
Stoves, and hollow-ware, alas!
What a scene of blank confusion
When the moving comes to pass!

Here are bureaus, bedsteads, boxes,
Tables, sofas, trunks and chairs,
Washstands, pictures, clocks and mirrors,
Various other household wares,
Which we find, on rearranging,
All are needing some repairs.

When the cheerless task is ended,
And the heavy work grows light,
Fruitless search for this or that thing
Taxes patience day and night,
Till the whole is becoming the old home,
And the wrong place seems the right.

A MANAGER'S DILEMMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Mr. Moore's anecdote of Cooper's playing Hamlet and the Ghost at one performance reminds me of my playing Banquo and Banquo's murderers on the same night. It happened in Ottawa, Illinois, during the Winter of 1857-58. The gentleman who was doubling the two murderers rebelled at something, and just previous to the front scene where the murderers follow Banquo, the personator of those unciv-il individuals refused to go on. Our first thought was to cut out the remainder of the murderers' lines altogether; but as the audiences at that time were of a rather materialistic turn of mind, we concluded that not to make some show of killing Banquo would be leaving too much to the imagination of those on the front benches. I was the only other person around who knew the lines of the murderers, as I was also the manager, and as there was not much time to think further about what ought to be done, I consented to murder myself.

After crossing the stage as Banquo I rushed around to the prompt side, threw on my second-hand sloucher hat, and, with my back entirely to the audience, I went on as Banquo's "murderers." I spoke in a disguised voice, and the action was so rapid generally that I don't believe that anyone in that audience ever knew that Banquo and his "murderers" were "one and the same person." Stranger things than this occur very often, I have no doubt, in traveling companies.

Another incident worth relating transpired during that week of confusion. Hanchett was the "star," and he frequently tells the story himself with a good deal of unction, though he never gets it precisely right, nor does he seem to understand the true nature of my dilemma. The play was "Richard III," a piece I was not very familiar with at that time, although I had had a good deal of experience with most of Shakespeare's plays. We had in the company a very pretty man (at least he thought so), who wanted to play all the pretty parts and take all the money that came in the theatre. He was cast for Tressel, Buckingham, and Richmond—a common triplication of parts in those days. Well, this individual delighted his magnificent soul; but Buckingham he not only "kicked at" (I believe that is the legitimate expression), but finally refused positively to play. The stern requirements of the occasion demanded that he should take the bitter with the sweet, or leave the theatre. He accepted the latter alternative, and left in his position in a very shabby manner just as the curtain was about to go up on "Richard III." Then there was a jumping around to supply the deficiency. We had but little difficulty in finding a Tressel, and no difficulty whatever in finding a Richmond. It was noble, the complete unselfishness of the members of that company. Even the ladies were willing to play Richmond—Richmond is such a nice part; but, when Buckingham was suggested, every man winked his eye and said: "Not any for me." At last it devolved upon me to get through with Buckingham in some way, and then the curtain went up. I had scarcely the faintest conception of Buckingham, and certainly called on his friends to empty a bumper in health of his generous old uncle, who would be better here than where he was. He filled the glasses with Rhenish, they scrambled up, clung to the table, and, taking the time from the host, lifted their beakers of Bohemian glass, to "the health of old Nunkey Mat!"

At this moment the rusty wheels of the clock creaked harshly, and the iron hammer clanged upon the brazen bell. The tempest raged even more furiously. There were howls and yells as of fiends on the blast, and the water seemed meant to beat in the roof and weatherside wall. Just as the glasses touched the tremulous lips, three sharp knocks on the window-pane checked the drinkers. There was an instant's glacial silence, as all eyes were turned in the direction whence had come those sounds. The clock repeated its twelve strokes; without any hand interfering with it, the shutter-catch opened, and the window flew up, so that a figure draped in a winding-sheet might clamber gravely in at the casement! It slowly marched forward. The window closed behind it.

The females shrieked, and, falling to the floor, crawled under the table. The men, likewise dropping their glasses, remained clinging to the table like statues.

The part of the sheet which covered the intruder's head was opened, and all saw a face like parchment, and as yellow. With bristling scalp and coldly-beaded brow, completely sobered, Banquo hoarsely gasped:

"It is my uncle!"

The dead man drew nearer and still more near the table. His dried eyelids never moved; in the deep sockets sparks glowed like phosphorescent light. He stopped. One arm was lifted, and a bony hand issued from the damp cloth-folds and touched the young spendthrift's shoulder, chilling that arm to the very marrow and rendering it devoid of motion. After a second's contemplation of his prey, the corpse floated a few inches from the floor back to the window, which opened again of its own volition.

Drawn by an unseen force, George followed the grisly pilot. Raised by supernatural powers, the latter glided into the outer air, whither the young man followed perforce.

As they disappeared in the gloom, a violent gust of rain-laden wind burst in at the window, shook the table, and blew out the lights, and carried a mass of the incandescent embers up the broad-mouthed chimney.

In time, however, deeply shocked and horrified, the most intimidated ventured to look around, to speak, to relight the lamps, and rake the fire together. But George had vanished, and the revolving well shaken themselves and taken some more wine, the party came to the conclusion that the host had been playing a trick upon them.

At half-past one, as they were roaring at the rich scare they had been given, the window blew open abruptly, and they heard a long and distant cry of pain and despair. It was George's voice in its lamentable appeals, but not one durst move or respond. A second and a third scream arose, but less acute than the preceding, with a minute or two between. The women fainted, and the men were not in a much more heroic condition. All of them, so excessively merry some hours before, expected never to see morning again.

Nevertheless, their exaggerated fear lessened at the dawn. At nine o'clock they counted, and found all present but the giver of the feast. They ran out of the house, and never stopped till tired out, not even delaying to learn what had passed.

The remains of the miser had taken the road to a small and deserted chapel on the skirt of the woods. The rusty door of this crumbling building rolled sullenly on its hinges at the approach of the ghostly visitant, which put the curtain was kept up until its clock had struck twelve, when a row almost worthy of Donnybrook ensued.

Some men insisted that it still lacked a few minutes of twelve, while others declared it was long after that hour. Threats of vengeance were uttered, and the more sedate of the defeated faction said it was dangerous and impolitic to interfere with the process of law. My party, however, seemed to be the strongest, and I was therefore kept out of harm's way, as unconscious and comfortable a culprit as could be. The officer stood there, calmly awaiting results. Finally we all adjourned to the hotel, where another scene of confusion occurred. It was generally admitted that I could not be arrested (according to the law of that section) on Sunday; but a dispute arose as to whether Sunday commenced at 12 o'clock or 1 o'clock. By a stretch of logic that I thought was peculiar, it was decided that Sunday did not commence until 1 o'clock, and then I was naturally anxious to know (as it lacked five minutes of one) what I was to be arrested for. This was not immediately explained; but the discussion was purposely prolonged, and I was kept away from the officer's reach until there could be no doubt about its being Sunday. Then the officer had to be appeased. He complained very bitterly at not being allowed by most excellent themselves good citizens to do his duty, and said that no harm would come to me in any event. Then he appealed to me to voluntarily surrender myself, so that I might enable him to keep his record as an officer clear. A compromise was sought with him by bail being offered, the bail-bond to be dated Saturday night, so that it might appear that his had arrested me in due form.

But this gave rise to another dispute as to whether an officer had power to receive bail. By half-past two o'clock it was settled that the officer could take bail. Then my landlord offered himself as security for my appearance before some one on Monday, A. M., to answer the charge of trespass. That some one was responsible enough; but, as he owned no real estate, a wrangle followed as to his being good bail. About four o'clock in the morning this matter was arranged by his bail-bond being accepted with the endorsement of a gentleman who owned plenty of real estate. It took considerable time to make out the bail-bond, as no one could tell how exactly such a paper should be drawn up. At 5 o'clock I got to bed, quite content with the night's entertainment, and before Monday all the contestants settled their troubles among themselves, and divided the rent equally between the two societies.

A few weeks later I was called upon by the city-marshal, who informed me that I must consider myself under arrest for playing without a license. A license had never been demanded of any previous manager, and I was assured that I would also be exempt. But some person opposed to theatricals had raised a fuss, and obedience to the law was demanded. By invitation of the marshal, I called upon the city clerk, who showed me that the law called for $20 a night, and, under that construction, I was indebted to the city about $1,000. The penalty for not paying the license was $500; so that I might have played three hundred nights at an expense of six thousand dollars for license, and have got off by a payment of $800 fine. But a more favorable clause in the law provided that the manager, and not the actor, having paid one night's license of $20 in advance, would be permitted to play as long as he chose without any additional demand from the city. I believe that when the law was made it was not contemplated that any company would ever have the audacity to play more than one night in that place, so that the provision was made for any subsequent performances. The law having also become to a great extent "a dead letter," the clerk agreed to date my license back to any time I might mention, upon payment of twenty dollars. The next difficulty was to raise the twenty dollars. Cash was a very scarce commodity just among people who were called "pretty wealthy." The clerk, the marshal, the hotel landlord, and myself held a consultation meeting at once, and it was agreed that the speediest way of raising the money was for me to take about a hundred theatre tickets, and go around with the marshal all over the city, he to do the talking, and I to do the selling. This plan worked very well. In about two hours I had more than enough in my pocket to pay the license. I felt highly elated at my success; but the marshal was not in the least surprised, for a very good reason, as I soon learned. He invited me into a secluded corner and "unbosomed himself."

"Now," said he, "when you get back to the hotel you'll find every man that gave you a quarter for a ticket waiting there for you with his pocket full of city-scrip, which aint worth three cents on a dollar, but which goes very nicely to pay license with. Now, suppose you give me that $20, and I'll give you $40 worth of city-scrip, so that you will be able to pay your license and have something to remember Ottawa by. I'm a poor man, and have a large family to support."

I managed, however, to get back to the hotel with all the money in my pocket, and there, sure enough, I found a large crowd loaded down with scrip and hungry for the $20. First every man went for me, but I took shelter behind the landlord; and, after the war of words was over, and the good citizens were worn out with abusing each other, I handed him the money; he paid the license with scrip, and I was happy once more. The city clerk was not very well pleased with me, the city marshal was equally dissatisfied. Each man that paid me a quarter for a ticket had something to say about my ingratitude in not purchasing his scrip, but by this time they have probably learned to forget and forgive. It gives me pleasure to say that Ottawa scrip is worth a hundred cents on a dollar to-day.

I have written these recollections rather hastily, because I dislike giving personal reminiscences, whether they be good, bad, or indifferent; but there is a great deal of interest in theatrical life, and I hope some older members of the profession may be induced to follow the example so very kindly proffered by Mr. Moore. VICTOR PARETON.

THE UNHALLOWED GRAVE.
A LEGEND OF TERROR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS.

Some sixty years ago there lived an old man in a lonely farm in Lorraine, under the Vosges Mountains, who was believed to be a very rich miser. Father Matthew, which was his name, had no heir but a rakehelly nephew, who spent his time swindling people in Strasbourg and pfling up debts. Often did he threaten to cut him off with a shilling, and make the remainder of his fortune to the poor, which caused the young man to wish he could die before Father Matthew had much will. This he said openly, to the disgust of all who knew what a scamp he was. Scamps sometimes having good-luck, lo and behold! the old hunks was found lifeless one morning.

No will having been found, the nephew was sent for, and immediately offended and startled the quiet going rustics, he laughed at the old farmer to whom he owed this fortune, and speedily turned the grange into a Liberty Hall, in which he congregated some of his Strasbourg friends for endless revelry.

For about a year this shameful carousing went on, till a good part of Father Matthew's savings had been squandered, he never paid for masses for his uncle, which had to be arranged for by some of the pious neighbors. When the feasters heard the knells for him whose hoard filled their mouths with wine and good cheer, they whooped for glee, and the undutiful nephew led off with some jests which would not bear repetition. It was resolved to have a killer indication that evening unusual.

So the farm-house was redolent with an abundant supper, the huge table being set up in the kitchen itself. In the vast fireplace blazed a heap of wood, to light up the whole room in a recess of which the former owner had breathed his last.

There were eight at the banquet, four of each sex, who began feasting one another at seven, and were almost all intoxicated by nine.

Whilst they were enjoying themselves like swine, there was a storm raging without, before which the stoutest trees bent like whipsticks; the rain poured down in torrents, and dashed at the windows mournfully.

Midnight came on apace, without the laughter dying out from weariness. Though his boon companions had fallen off their benches upon the floor, where they began to sprawl out inertly, George still fought against sleep.

Staring with blinking eyes at the old oaken clock, he harsely called on his friends to empty a bumper in health of his generous old uncle, who would be better here than where he was. He filled the glasses with Rhenish, they scrambled up, clung to the table, and, taking the time from the host, lifted their beakers of Bohemian glass, to "the health of old Nunkey Mat!"

At this moment the rusty wheels of the clock creaked harshly, and the iron hammer clanged upon the brazen bell. The tempest raged even more furiously. There were howls and yells as of fiends on the blast, and the water seemed meant to beat in the roof and weatherside wall. Just as the glasses touched the tremulous lips, three sharp knocks on the window-pane checked the drinkers. There was an instant's glacial silence, as all eyes were turned in the direction whence had come those sounds. The clock repeated its twelve strokes; without any hand interfering with it, the shutter-catch opened, and the window flew up, so that a figure draped in a winding-sheet might clamber gravely in at the casement! It slowly marched forward. The window closed behind it.

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Nevertheless, their exaggerated fear lessened at the dawn. At nine o'clock they counted, and found all present but the giver of the feast. They ran out of the house, and never stopped till tired out, not even delaying to learn what had passed.

The remains of the miser had taken the road to a small and deserted chapel on the skirt of the woods. The rusty door of this crumbling building rolled sullenly on its hinges at the approach of the ghostly visitant, which put the curtain was kept up until its clock had struck twelve, when a row almost worthy of Donnybrook ensued.

Some men insisted that it still lacked a few minutes of twelve, while others declared it was long after that hour. Threats of vengeance were uttered, and the more sedate of the defeated faction said it was dangerous and impolitic to interfere with the process of law. My party, however, seemed to be the strongest, and I was therefore kept out of harm's way, as unconscious and comfortable a culprit as could be. The officer stood there, calmly awaiting results. Finally we all adjourned to the hotel, where another scene of confusion occurred. It was generally admitted that I could not be arrested (according to the law of that section) on Sunday; but a dispute arose as to whether Sunday commenced at 12 o'clock or 1 o'clock. By a stretch of logic that I thought was peculiar, it was decided that Sunday did not commence until 1 o'clock, and then I was naturally anxious to know (as it lacked five minutes of one) what I was to be arrested for. This was not immediately explained; but the discussion was purposely prolonged, and I was kept away from the officer's reach until there could be no doubt about its being Sunday. Then the officer had to be appeased. He complained very bitterly at not being allowed by most excellent themselves good citizens to do his duty, and said that no harm would come to me in any event. Then he appealed to me to voluntarily surrender myself, so that I might enable him to keep his record as an officer clear. A compromise was sought with him by bail being offered, the bail-bond to be dated Saturday night, so that it might appear that his had arrested me in due form.

But this gave rise to another dispute as to whether an officer had power to receive bail. By half-past two o'clock it was settled that the officer could take bail. Then my landlord offered himself as security for my appearance before some one on Monday, A. M., to answer the charge of trespass. That some one was responsible enough; but, as he owned no real estate, a wrangle followed as to his being good bail. About four o'clock in the morning this matter was arranged by his bail-bond being accepted with the endorsement of a gentleman who owned plenty of real estate. It took considerable time to make out the bail-bond, as no one could tell how exactly such a paper should be drawn up

BILLIARDS.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.
Another Score and a Different Set of Averages.

[From *Bell's Life*, April 8.]

On the night of March 31 last the large dining-room of the Grand Hotel, Paris, was filled with a most respectable company of about 800 persons, including several ladies and many of the nobility, assembled to witness the most important billiard match that has ever taken place in France. The prizes contested for were a silver challenge cup of most exquisite workmanship, representing the championship of the world at the three-ball carom game, and a money stake of 5,000f. The intrinsic value of the cup is 3,000f. It was offered by Mr. H. W. Collender of New York as the first prize in the great tournament which was held in that city in June, 1873. This tournament was open to all the world, and brought together almost all the greatest living experts at the three-ball game. The emblem was won by Albert Garnier, a Frenchman, who was at that time established in business in New York. Garnier was subsequently defeated by A. F. Rudolphe, who did not long enjoy the honorable title of champion, as the cup was wrested from him by Maurice Vignaux of Toulouse, who had shortly before come to New York and vanquished all the greatest players then residing in the United States. Soon after winning the cup he returned with it to his native city, and for about a year remained in quiet possession of the trophy and title attached to it, without being challenged. On Feb. 14 last he was informed by Mr. H. W. Collender, the official preliminary stakeholder, that a challenge had been issued by Mr. William Sexton of New York, who requested that the game should take place at Paris during the month of March. Vignaux promptly replied by cable-telegram accepting the challenge, and agreeing to play at Paris. Sexton set sail from New York on February 26, accompanied by but one friend, Mr. John D. O'Connor, and both reached Paris March 9. A telegram was immediately sent to Vignaux, announcing their arrival, and requesting him to come on immediately to arrange the date, etc. He did not comply with this request, however, until March 20. The preliminaries were soon arranged, and the date of play fixed for March 31. It is required by the rules governing matches for the championship of the world at the three-ball game that a standard American table 5ft. by 10ft., and furnished with H. W. Collender's Combination Cushions, shall be used. Mr. Sexton brought one of these tables with him. The slate-beds of it were broken in transportation, and new ones had to be made. This caused some delay, and the table was set up in a private room at the Grand Hotel, for each player to practice on it, only four days before the date fixed for the match. During this time great interest was manifested in the approaching contest, not only by sporting-men, but by all lovers of the game, many of the fair sex being included in this category. The game was of 600 points. French carroms. M. Adolphe acted as umpire for Vignaux, and M. Delille for Sexton. M. Constant was chosen as referee, and also the final stakeholder. Precisely at 9 o'clock p. m. the game commenced. Sexton won the lead and scored, leaving the balls wide apart. In order to bring them together he attempted a most difficult draw, but missed counting by a hair. Vignaux then made one, and was followed by Sexton with two. The latter left the balls in good position for his opponent, who made a run of 102. This magnificent break, it was thought, would demoralize the young New Yorker, whose gentlemanly deportment and extreme youth, he being scarcely 21 years of age, had enlisted for him many warm admirers among the audience; but he played with remarkable coolness, and, by skillful around-the-table play, dashing draws, and delicate nursing, he gradually gained on the champion until, at the end of the seventh inning, the scores stood—159 for Vignaux and 158 for Sexton. Ready playing on the part of both kept the scores pretty even, when Sexton, in the twenty-fifth inning, made the largest break of the game, 129 points. During this run the young American showed some of the finest skill ever witnessed in a game of billiards. His good judgment in bringing the balls together, his rapid execution and delicacy of touch elicited frequent applause. His friends gave loud and prolonged expression to their enthusiasm at the conclusion of the break, and bets of 100 to 10 in his favor were freely offered, with no takers. Scarcely an individual in the assemblage but believed at that moment that he was now sure of bearing off the prize which he had come three thousand miles to win, into a strange land, too, the language of whose people he does not understand, and braving the dangers of an ocean voyage at a most inclement season of the year. His pale face now lit up slightly flushed with success, and he modestly retired to his seat amid a thunder of applause. Vignaux scowled savagely, and showed unmistakable signs of nervousness. His trepidation was noticed by all present, and during the next three innings he made but six points, missing, in his confusion, shots which the merest tyro could easily have made. The balls now broke badly for Sexton, who, after making thirteen, missed, and left them all in a heap for Vignaux. The latter's courage now seemed to revive. Two palpable scratches and most favorable positions increased his confidence, and in the twenty-eighth inning he scored 51, at the end leaving the balls in such a position that it was impossible for Sexton to count. In the twenty-ninth, thirtieth, and thirty-first innings the champion made breaks of 71, 106, and 29, respectively, in the last reaching the necessary 600. The winning and losing averages in this contest have never before been approached. In a match game of the same number of points, Mr. Sexton's friends in America and elsewhere may well feel proud of him for the noble fight he has made for the championship honors under such adverse circumstances. Had the contest taken place in his own country, where he would have been surrounded by familiar faces, there is no doubt that his efforts would have been rewarded with a splendid triumph. The table on which the game was played was much admired. All the French billiard professors who were present pronounced it the most perfect specimen of its kind ever seen in France. It is of a novel and graceful design, finished in polished rosewood, tastefully ornamented with lines of gold. The cushions are remarkable for their accuracy and correctness of angle, and the cloth is of the finest texture. It is from the celebrated establishment of H. W. Collender of New York, who stands first in America in this branch of manufacturing.

The score below we have tabulated from figures which, in a note dated April 6, Mr. John D. O'Connor certifies to be correct as far as such a matter could come under his observation. He also incloses a summary from *Bell's Life*, which corresponds in all respects with the score as now tabulated; and, finally, he favors us with a special report of the contest, which, arriving after we had received three other reports in all, is now unavailable. It is guardedly written, and its salient features are that "the balls rolled but one way, and that was Vignaux's; that from first to last Sexton was assailed with difficulties not ascribable to the balls alone; and that the referee, who was accepted at the recommendation of an American gentleman long resident in Paris, exercised marked care, and endeavored to disarm himself of partiality."

SEXTON.				VIGNAUX.			
Inn.	*Runs.*	*Total.*		*Inn.*	*Runs.*	*Total.*	
1	6	6	17	1	6	6	23
2	1	7	102	2	105	18	25
3	4	11		3	4	22	107
4	6	17		4	4	26	107
5	8	25		5	6	32	113
6	36	61	32	6	44	76	121
7	2	63	15	7	59	135	122
8	3	66	1	8	2	137	123
9	1	67	1	9	15	152	124
10	1	68	1	10	1	153	125
11	1	69	1	11	1	154	126
12	1	70	1	12	1

THEATRICAL RECORD,

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

NOTE.—A PLAINLY REVOLDED, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the first initial believed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Managers, Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, April 24.

LADIES' LIST.

Abbott, Mrs. Frank
Antonio, Martha
Ball, Mrs. Carrie
Chariness
Beaumont, Miss (vocalist)
Bellasco, Mrs. Jane (2)
Bain, Rose 5c.
Bidwell, Dollie
Bascombe, Laura
Baker, Ella (of "Ed. Ard." Co.)
Belmont, Clara 5c.
Coleman, Mrs. D. W.
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Cushman, Cora
Craven, Winnetta
Cushing, Bella (vocalist)
Crabtree, Charlotta
Cramer, Marie
Clancey, Ellen
Carpenter, Ida.
Corelli, Blanche
Candee, Maria L.
Don, Laura
Dargon, Miss A. L.
Desmonde, Mrs. Jennettie
Edgarton, Lillian S.
Edwards, Miss "Lou"
Ellis, Maude (2)
Esmond, Ella
Fox, Katie Frazier
Francis, Lu-lu
Foster, Mrs. Josephine
Florence, Mrs. Geo. A. 3c.
Fox, Annie (of "Jack & Gill" Co.)
Fox, Annie (p. o. mark New York)
Fitzgibbons, Mollie
Finch, Louisa
Grainger, Maude
Hamilton, Winnie
Hussey, Mrs. Frank
Hedley, Mrs. Grace
Henri, Flora
Ince, Annette 5c.
Herd Sisters
Jay, Mrs. H.
Kellogg, Alice (2)
Lupo, Eugenie
Leon, Nellie E.
Lytell, Blanche (2)
Leon, Mrs. E. E.
Lillian, Grace
Lee, Rosa
Lang, Ione 3c.
Lake, Mad. Agnes
Lindsey, Jennie (vocalist)
Leigh, Rose
Le Clare, Mattie
Le Roy, Ella
Montague, Fannie
Mafin, Mrs. Julia
Mack, Ella
McKeon, Gabriella
McGregor, Agnes (actress)
May, Etta (song-and-dance)
Mac, Mrs. Jennie
Markley, Edna (2)
Marshall, Mrs. Palmyra.
Neville, Emma J.
Oates, Mrs. Jeanie
O'Brien, Norah
Osborn, Henrietta
Preston, Isabella
Pierce, Lillie P. (2)
Phillips, Adelaide
Post, Mrs. T. A.
Palmer, Minnie
Robinson, Marion (vocalist)
Richmond, Ada
Rainford, Alice
Richmond, Miss J. (of Richmond Sis.)
Ransom, Alice
Squires, Mad.
Schroeder, Henrietta
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Street, Mrs. Martha
Saville, Blanche
Sidelle, Clara
Slate, Mrs. Pet
St. Elmo, Eva (2)
Stowe, Emma 3c.
Stanhope, Adeline
Stanley, Maude
Seddons, Annie
Swinburne, Miss M. (of Rentz's Minx.)
Theadore, May
Taylor, Marion
Thomas, Rosina
Thompson, Charlotte)
Violetta, Mlle. 3c.
Weber, Effie
Wyndham, Alice
Wesner, Ella
Wentworth, Lu-lu
West, Ester
Yerance, Ida M.
Zoulla, Millie
Zora, Mrs. Prof.
Zehman, Mrs. A. C.
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMAN'S LIST.

Aldea, D. A.
Aachen, Jos.
Ashton, J. B.
Ashford, A. A.
Anaibel, Chas. A.
Ala, — (trapeze "biz")
Appleby, Louis
Adelphi, Jos. E.
Ames, Emile
Atkins, Wm. (candy "biz")
Auck, J.
Antoin, Saml. G. (2)
Arbuckle, M. (correspondent)
Austin, Chas. A.
Allen, Chas. N.
Allewell, Wm.
Andre, R. A.
Arlington, H. J. (manager)
American & European Circus
Amelia, Mlle. (late of Ooliseum, Chico.)
Adair, Mr.
Arlington, J. V.
Aiken, Albert W.
Anderson, J. C.
Biddle, J. (canvasman)
Balfour, A. (of Woods, Cincin.)
Breyer, Wm.
Bagley, Wm.
Bacon, Jos.
Beverly, A. H.
Blake, A. B. "B." (2)
Brown, H. "Comical"
Bleben, Frank
Bellhi, Slat
Burton, John
Bowron, W. I.
Barnum, H. 5c.
Brown, Alex. R.
Bryant, W. H. (of Bryant & Williams' Butler Co. (of Chicago Op. Co.)
Barcley, D. (of Harrigan & Hart's Co.)
Barnabee, H. C.
Berger Family Bell-ringers
Benoit, O.
Burke, J. M. (of Buffalo Bill Co.)
Brown, Benj.
Berger, Theo.
Burnett, J. H.
Brown, Gust.
Bush, C.
Bushnell, G. W.
Brunaux, Emile
Baker, J. (of Gr'd Cen. Hotel, Cin.)
Blakely, John
Bode, Ernest
Bellamy, Frank
Barnabee Concert Co.
Bailey, Harry
Bloodgood, Harry
Bruno, G. (of Johnson & Bruno)
Bronson, Geo. R.
Bates, Hamlin, W. H. (of Howe's Cir.)
Blood, Col. J. H.
Black Hawk
Burghardt, Robt.
Bassye, E. E. 3c.
Bates, E. D. 5c.
Blanchard, Harry (3)
Burton, Clar. (late of Cleveland, O.)
Burnett, Alf.
Braham, Harry (comed.)
Bell, J. S.
"C. S. B."
Cody, Wm. F.
Conahan, A. J. (of Cincinnati, O.)
Coleman, T. (of Adelphi, Chicago)
Crane, E. Mills
Cromwell, H.
Carner, J. W.
Case, Thos. 3le.
Cromwell, T.
Chappelle, W. J.
Cardwell, L. D. (2)
Chappelle, W. J.
Allen, Chas. N.
Allewell, Wm.
Andre, R. A.
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Coleman, T. (of Adelphi, Chicago)
Crane, E. Mills
Cromwell, H.
Carner, J. W.
Case, Thos. 3le.
Cromwell, T.
Chappelle, W. J.
Cardwell, L. D. (2)
Chappelle, W. J.
Colburn, C. H. (musician)
Collins & Moore
Cromwell, H.
Crosby, Chas.
Clarke, Jas. W.
Cooper, F. H.
Curtis, C.
Du rez, Chas. H.
Dawson, Thos.
Devere, Chas. N.
De Haven, Claude
Dykeman, Ed.
Dunbar, Geo. (with Mabel Tyler)
Deem, B. B.
De Meza, G. W.
Dinsmore, Leon
Danneman, Leon
De Bar, R. E.
Douglass, Henry
Davis, W. H.
Dalton, E. R.
Dudding, "Hank"
Dobson, Frank
Dunbar, Walter
Diamond, Chas. (2)
Dumont, Frank (2)
Demott, James
Rothchild's Cir.)
Daveau, I.
Dunbar, E. C.

JOHN W. CONNS of Mingor's Opera Co.; H. Robinson of Robinson's Minst.; and Kate Washburn of "Washburn's Last Sensation" are notified of letters awaiting them at the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, April 24, '76.

To-day we all cordially unite in celebrating the birth of Mr. W. Shakespeare, who first saw daylight on the 23d of April, 1564. It was a stormy time when the small boy entered upon this vale of tears; and authority says that "the midwife wondered and the women cried," presaging thereby that the embryotic poet was destined to make a noise in the world; which subsequent events proved to be correct, and which showed that the women's heads were level even in the centuries past and gone. As an infant prodigy Bill was *par excellence;* at one year of age he could stand on his head, which, you will admit, was truly remarkable, when we notice so many one-year-olds of the present day who are unable to stand upon their feet. This wonderful feat of standing on his head struck the medical faculty and the immediate relatives of the infantile phenomenon with solemn awe, and they there and then predicted that it was by his head that he would win fame and currency in the near future. At two years of age that child, in the absence of his dear mother, attempted the foolhardy feat of turning the coach wheel—a performance which requires the utmost skill and dexterity—a broken nose and a contused dexter eye were the painful results of this daring exploit. Friends tried to dissuade him from repeating the attempt, but he was not to be denied! No; he came up smiling, as it were, and, in the presence of a house crowded to the dome, he took a side-hold, swung around the circle, and amid the deafening plaudits of the amazed assemblage he accomplished a revolution that made time itself stand aghast, and marvel at the strength of mind of this juvenile wonder. He repeated the startling performance one hundred nights in succession before the elite and fashion of society, and the crowned heads of Europe. On the occurrence of the centennial anniversary of the birth of the infant, each lady in the audience made a present with a satin programme, and a deed for a lot of land on the very ground where the youthful Shakespeare was born. This magnificent ante-mortem presentation gave rise to the ever-memorable aphorism:

"His *death* do live after him."

At three years of age the coming Bard of Avon gave indications of the possession of talent for the difficult song-and-dance business. Like our respected friend Mr. Harrison, Billy improvised his own words as he went along; and in the intervals between the song and the dance his giant mind would be tolling with the germs of poesy, which confirmed the good promise of his artistic abilities, formed when he first appeared as a public performer a-standing on his head. As a song-and-dancelst, he was *sui generis.* He set 'em wild, and the theatre was not large enough to accommodate the nobility who sought to gain entrance. We submit, for the benefit of our readers, a couple of verses of a song he composed off-hand while he was dancing on foot, a wonderful instance of his versatility of talent at that early stage of his career. It was entitled:

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.
Song-and-Dance.
Dedicated to the Retired Dime Bandsmen.
BY BILLY SHAKESPEARE.
[All Rights Reserved.]

Oh, it's I will sing about a girl
I met upon the strand;
She is the sweetest lily
In all this promised land;
I raised my eyes when she passed by—
My heart it beat with love—
She cast on me a furtive glance
Like sunshine from above.

"Oh, what do you say?" says I to she. (*Break.*)
"Oh, draw it mild," says she to me. (*Break.*)
HE.—Then slippity-skippity, fly by night;
Oh, maybe when the moon is shining bright. (*Dance.*)
SHE.—I'll come when the turtle is heard in the land—
Ri-toora-loral, down by the strand. (*Dance.*)
(*The orchestra intervals for a medley of musicians.*)

Years have passed since first we met—
With a ry-loorall and a ritoorall—
And never in life can I forget
The day I met her on the strand-e.
For she is the apple of my eye,
And she loves me by night and day;
Oh, rareen; oh, roreen; oh, joreenal,
Step up, and slap up, and be gay.
"Then dance to your partner bold," says I (*Break*).
"Let's hold the fort," she winketh sly (*Break*).
For it's the Emperor Pedro, all the way from Brazil,
Who went out to Frisco, leaving the Empress quite ill;
Oh, dance like the frog in his serpentine lair (*Dance*),
For she of all women's, the fairest of fair (*Dance*),
With a slippity, skippity, Gus Daly and "Pique,"
And beautiful Fan, neither thin nor too thick;
With a ritoorall, and a ritoorale,
We're the happiest couple all in a row (*Heavy dance*).
(*Exit to slow music.*)

[*——Which is evidence that an early friendship sprang up between Dion and Billy, and this will account for the two producers' joint collaboration.—ED. CLIP.*]

History informs us that when Bill had attained the unripe age of four years he was apprenticed to a circus to learn the art and mystery of an acrobat, as it is taught in establishments of that character; but the New York papers came out so fiercely against the brutality of compelling little children to do the high leap in mid-air, and the triple-somersault from head to head, that the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" interposed its authority, and sweet William was taken from the brutal circus and restored to the bosom of his family. This little incident, trivial as it may seem to the casual reader, was the turning point in the boy's career; for, had he not been rescued from the merciless fangs of the tyrants of the unrelenting sawdust arena, the world would have been forever bereft of those gems of thought which form the nucleus of arguments for the bench, the bar, and the pulpit. He was twelve years of age when his enterprising parents conceived the brilliant idea of sending him to school, an institution of learning so-called at that moment converging into notice. As another evidence of the precocity of mind, it is said of him that, on returning home from school on the second day after his introduction to that academy of mental recreation, the Billy boy sat down; and, with one hand tied behind him, he accomplished that exquisite morceau:

"There's a schoolmaster chasing after me."

We want to call your attention to the fact that in all the touching similitudes of "Blair's Rhetoric," or the sublime imaginings of "Young's Night Thoughts," a more concise, and at the same time diarithic antithesis of the strength of the human intellect does not exist. Now, Jimmy, *don't* bother us about your jokes; it is seldom that we get a word at W. Shakespeare; the press and the public would have you and the world, the flesh and the devil, believe that they worship the poet; but it's all *gammon;* they cannot force him down without the aid of physical giants—men who can walk three miles an hour and eat three square meals a day. Why, his natal day would pass by unheeded, were it not that we take advantage of the occasion and recur to the circumstances that gave to the world a name that shall *never* die—*never* die! "Well, I merely want to say to you that a man—who looked like he had been to the Black Hills and got the consumption—wants to know if you can recommend, consult, a druggist or a farmer." "What will you make to the suffering man's appeal? "Tell kindly told him that *I* thought he'd find the *farmer cutist!*" That was correct—now go and attend to that pi. "I et it two hours ago!") It were idle to attempt to trace the school-day career of William; suffice it that he graduated at the college with all the honors, and delivered the valedictory, which was the means of Yale attaining an exalted position among the collegiate institutions, from which she has never receded. When he was seventeen years old he wrote a serial for one of the New York story-papers, and its success was so complete that children cried for more, and his services were sought for by every paper—which is ever the case when a man makes a grand success in the field of literature; but William was injuncted from writing for any paper by the party of the first part. We have much pleasure in offering our readers a sample of William's abilities as a story-writer, as we find it in the opening chapter of the work referred to, and which shows that even at that early day he was imbued with that dramatic fire which subsequent events confirmed. It was called

UP THE STEEP;
OR,
THE GROIN OF THE YUBAL GLEN.
BY W. SHAKESPEARE.
CHAPTER I.

'Twas the dead of night, and half the world was in a lowly, solemn darkness hung, when a mail-clad warrior, fresh from the orgies of the midnight bowl, homeward did wend his weary way. His path was dread and dreary walk, yet he was bold as they make 'em. He feared not, however, of the frail but passionate creature that tracked his every movement. She was beautiful as a houri, with a form whose exquisite symmetry might serve as a model for Venus a-rising from the sea. A wealth of golden tresses hung down her rounded shoulders, pure and white as alabaster chalk, and clung with tenacity to the curves of her peerless figure. But there was a devil in her eye that spoke of confidence betrayed, of hopes blighted, and of ruin impending. The flash of a dagger gleamed in the bright moonlight, save when the clambering clouds obscured the face of the sun of night and hid it from our gaze. The cavalier —the rightful heir to the house of Yubal Glen, and the Groin of the Goblites—had reached a narrow defile in the mountains, where the towering crags o'erhead shut out the stars, and thus shut out the light. There was a cry on the midnight air, there was a crash in the eyrie gloom, there was a dull thud like the fall of the gladiator; and as the Groin appalled at the startling sounds, peered into the dim and uncertain depths of the mystic rooth, a sight met his eyes that filled his soul with terror. [This is all of this interesting story that we can find room for. Jimmy, we can not violate confidences, and take such unwarranted advantage of our readers as to continue this story for your private ear. Our first duty is to our readers, and this rule of our life is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.] When W. Shakespeare, Esq., attained to his majority, he turned his attention to the playhouse; and on those days when he was not engaged in playing first-base for his team of ball-players, he could be seen sauntering among the scenes of the theatre, or carrying the baskets for actors, or listening to rehearsals. At the close of the evening he would retire to his attic in the fourstory tenement-house in Stratford-on-Avon, and there, by the glare of the noonday sun, or there, by the flare of the midnight oil, he would pour forth his soul in a stream of light that cast a radiance on a benighted world. Many a night has that child of song gone supperless to bed, only to arise—when the morning's dawn had mantle clad, reddened in the gloaming of the rising sun—to feast on a cheerful breakfast on the kitchen hearth, no mother's smile to welcome the coming of the orphan child. It was at such a time, when the silver cord was almost severed, that he conceived the idea of writing that masterpiece of a master-mind, "Hamlet, the Melancholy Dane."

O pale be the guerdon that holds us in thrall,
O parted the friendships forever,
Ere trails o'er the sands of our footsteps be lost,
And "Hamlet" shall trample the river.

"Hamlet" was the saving clause in Shakespeare's life. That sweetly tender soliloquy on death beginning "To be or not to be" was but the reflex of his own feelings: for, before laying out the skeleton of that stupendous creation, he was as one bereft of all hope; yea, he felt as though that he were dead, and grim despair had wellnigh brought him to the sticking-point. Driven away from the door of the theatre for begging checks, expelled from his baseball club for accepting ducats to throw a game, dismissed by the sweet Ophelia of his young life for being seen at a variety entertainment in company with a first-class fizzician, he drank the cup of his bitterness was full to the brim; and in his lonely vigils he longed to pass over the mystical river of death, and would have walked into eternity but for the dread uncertainty of that which cometh after death. He turned from the dark abyss, he ascended to his castle eyrie, and by the aid of a two-cent tallow-candle, sevens, he reared that matchless fabric of his fame which shall stand while States fade and dynasties totter to their fall. His great works astonished the world. He gave his fellow-creatures light, and food, and raiment; he laid no embargo upon his productions, asked for no copyright, but freely shared the work of his brain with those who had none of their own. The fiendish efforts made to rob him of his good name and fame by ascribing to one Bacon the authorship of Shakespeare's plays gave him greater strength, and made him an idol of the people, who would have immured his lordship in the deep recesses of the Bastile but for the prompt interposition of a few of his friends, who got out a writ of habeas corpus, and thus saved their Bacon! On a beautiful day in April, 1616, when the birds were caroling their sweetest notes, and the primeval forests were musical with the sounds; when the hop-frog sunned himself by the brookside, and flopped kerchunk into the meandering stream; when night drew her curtain o'er the sky and pinned it with a star, William Shakespeare calmly passed in his checks, his life went out with the ebbing tide, his spirit mounted to realms on high, and after life's fitful fever he sleeps well. This biography would be incomplete were we not to mention that Shakespeare distributed his charities with a free hand; he gave while living; and when the summons came, he closely wrapped his mantle around him, and to the seraphic strains of an angel band he and his mantle passed away forever.

Gone, but not forgotten.

CITY SUMMARY.

GABRIELLA SCHROTTER, as she was known professionally, but in private life the wife of Dr. Otto Auris, died at her residence, No. 44 Bond street, on April 20, after a long and severe illness. She was, we believe, a native of Vienna, Austria, and with her sisters, Caroline and Henrietta, came to this country under engagement to Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, then managers of Niblo's Garden, and made her first appearance in "The Black Crook." After the conclusion of her engagement there, she accepted situations in variety theatres. In the Spring of 1870 she joined the company at the Theatre Comique, in this city, then under the management of Robert Butler, and continued there one year. She has fulfilled engagements in the principal variety theatres in the neighboring cities, and has frequently reappeared on the stage of the dramatic theatres in this city whenever the services of a ballet were required. She was a graceful and attractive dancer. She was married a little over a year ago, and had not since appeared in a professional capacity. Her funeral took place from her late residence on Saturday morning last, at eleven o'clock, and was quite numerously attended by relatives and friends. Besides her late husband, her sisters, Caroline and Henrietta, survive her.

"P. T. BARNUM'S NEW and Greatest Show on Earth" is the title of the renowned showman's Centennial venture, which is to commence a brief season at the Rink, Sixty-third street and Third avenue, Thursday, April 27, and perform there both afternoon and evening. A procession will be made through many of the principal streets on Wednesday next. Many new features are promised.

MILTON NOBLES is to begin an engagement at Wood's Museum on May 1, instead of 14, as stated in our past issue.

GUS WILLIAMS and Harry Kernell are to appear on Thursday next at the Academy of Music with Tony Pastor's Combination, and on the same evening at Tony Pastor's New Theatre.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" was revived at the Olympic Theatre, which premised to run it out for one week on Monday evening, April 17. This pantomime was first produced at this theatre Tuesday evening, March 10, 1868, and was withdrawn after May 15, 1869, having received 483 representations, surpassing the first run of "The Black Crook," which was performed 474 times. "Humpty Dumpty" was again revived Aug. 31, 1871, and was acted 259 times, being withdrawn June 11, 1872. It was again reproduced Feb. 17, 1873, and, after being performed 127 times, was shelved after June 7. The total number of performances at this theatre were 943. We append the entire cast of the present revival:

Clown.....Robert Fraser
Pantaloon.....Mons. Martinetti
Harlequin.....George Topack
Columbine.....Mlle. Baretta
Burlesque.....Miss Emmaline Young
Sulphera (the fire sprite).....Master Harold
Romance...Miss Addie Farwell | Ballet.....Mlle. Ida Devere
Europe.....| the four quarters | .....Miss Pearl Thornton
Asia.....| of the world. | .....Miss Marie Farrell
Africa.....| | .....Miss Sig. Bartle
America.....| | .....Miss Emily Herbert
New Jersey, somewhere about the four quarters.....

Ill News, a fast traveler.....Harry Phillips
Good News, the slowest of all.....Master Speed
Lightfoot.....Master Welkum
Breakdown.....Burlesque's supporters.....Miss Mary Bond
Quickstep.....Mlle. Baptista
Fandango.....Miss Ida Lind
Dr. Nitrons Oxide Gas Cureall, a quack physician.....Miss Hattie Strudell
J. C. Franklin
Blowquick, his valet.....
Napkin, a waiter.....Mr. Ready
Upton Tactic, a sergeant—a great disciplinarian.....Mr. Bartell
S. Holdsworth
Penny Gaff, proprietor of a peep show.....Floyd Lee
Peeler Copp, a policeman.....G. W. H. Griffin
Gutter Snipe, a ragpicker.....A. Solvent
Second Edition, a newsboy.....Master White
Gnome Cobbler.....Master Tony Logan
Burden, a porter.....Mr. Anderson
Paste Bucket, a billposter.....Mr. Stick
Hosschesnutz, a prosperous lager-beer saloon-keeper.

His Elegance Custom, a fashionable young lady.....Miss Gay
Liza Laffenhausen, a Dutch girl.....Miss Lockwood
Cora Shade (colored), her corn-woman.....Miss Thomas
Nymphalia, queen of the Nixes, or river fairies.....Miss Florence
Pipula, her Elfin chief.....Mlle. Rupert

All of the scenery, properties and appointments are new. The first four scenes, the sixth, and the final centennial tableau are from the pencil of Richard S. Smith, and reflect great credit upon his artistic taste and skill. All of the other scenes were painted by J. A. De La Harpe, who deserves praise for the conscientious manner in which he has performed his labors. In order that those of our readers who are familiar with the previous productions of the pantomime may clearly understand how the present version compares with those hitherto given, we append the following description of the pantomime. The curtain rises upon a lovely moonlight scene, called the Enchanted Entrance. Here the opening dialogue, which is comparatively brief, pointed, filled with local allusions, and at times witty, is delivered. Its theme is a suitable amusement for the present time. Romance and Burlesque discuss the subject, and each summons, in support of her argument, numerous witnesses. Among these are the representatives of Europe, Asia, Africa, America and New Jersey, the latter being a stage-Yankee, attired in clothes made of the American flag. A telegraphic messenger-boy brings Romance numerous dispatches, and opponents of the various styles of burlesque dancing are seen. The decision is made in favor of pantomime, and the opening scene of all closes the Farm of Plenty at sunrise. The familiar pig-stye is seen on the stage right, and the cottage on the left. Humpty Dumpty and Old One-Two enter in a donkey-cart, and the action of the scene is precisely the same as hitherto given. Little Tommy Tucker and Goody Two-Shoes illustrate that "the course of true love never runs smooth." Humpty has his adventures with the bird, the pig, and the little demon cobbler, and there is a characteristic dance, in which all of the characters and some villagers participate. Dr. Cureall appears, and Humpty has a mammoth tooth extracted, after the usual amount of the youthful lovers, the changing scene discloses Mother Goose's Cerulean Cave. Here we have a clog-dance by twelve little boys attired in trick-dresses, which make them appear at first like demon-dwarfs, wearing very large turbans, and, after an almost instantaneous change, they are seen as Irish peasant women, wearing petticoats. After the elopement of the youthful lovers, the changing scene discloses Mother Goose's Cerulean Cave. Here we have a clog-dance by twelve little boys attired in trick-dresses, which make them appear at first like demon-dwarfs, wearing very large turbans, and, after an almost instantaneous change, they are seen as Irish peasant women, wearing petticoat-cops. The boys proved to be quite agile dancers, and elicited liberal applause. Hither come the youthful lovers, and Mother Goose promises them her protection. They are quickly followed by life-sized figures, representing Humpty and Old One-Two descending through the air across the stage, and as soon as they pass from view the original figures appear in the scene. Mother Goose by her potent power now changes unfunny Humpty into Clown, Old One-Two into Pantaloon, Little Tommy Tucker into Harlequin, and Goody Two-Shoes into Columbine. The two latter are standing upon an elevated rock in the centre of the stage, at the back, and the other two on the left and right, lower down. At the same instant the cavern scene disappears as though under magical influence, and reveals a gorgeous coral grotto. Harlequin and Columbine are seen standing upon the back of an enormous swan, while Clown and Pantaloon are posed upon beds of tropical flowers. As a front view closed the tableau from view, loud and long-continued applause attested the painter's skill, and expressed the desire of the audience to have more of it, which, however, the arrangement of the pantomime did not permit. This scene is the work of Richard S. Smith, and is a magnificent specimen of distemper painting. In the fifth scene a bewildering pursuit of Columbine and Harlequin by Clown and Pantaloon through the numerous doors in the flats created considerable merriment. This scene being withdrawn, the Fairies' Retreat, almost equaling in gorgeousness the grotto just described, and also from Mr. Smith's pencil, was revealed, and "The Coral Ballet" was danced by Misses. Ida Devere, Adele Addison and Bennett, premieres, and Ina Baptiste, Josephine Strudel, Bertha Peters, Mary Blake, Amy Krohm, Lottie Horton, Ida Lind, Agnes Ellen, Mary Herbert, Heralda Haslem, Maggie Blake, Marie Higginson, Marie Kavanagh, Millie Flora, Agnes Seeley, Katie Waring, Gussie Lockwood, Marie Bonneaux, Jennie Pickards, and Katie Simmons, coryphees and corps de ballet. All of these are skilled and graceful dancers, and their solos evoked liberal approbation. The other dancers have, on the average, better figures and prettier faces than are generally seen upon the local stage. All of the costumes were pretty, and displayed good taste, while many of them were magnificent. After the ballet the post-office scene, with the Clown's ineffectual attempts to find that office, owing to the scenic transformation, was given, and the act closed with a view of numerous housetops by midnight. Here Clown and Pantaloon, in their pursuit of a myriad of cats, alarmed the entire neighborhood, and, as the curtain descended, numerous persons *en dishabille* were seen at the various windows, wildly gesticulating at the destroyers of their peaceful slumbers. The first scene of the second act represents the Gardens of Versailles, painted by Mr. De La Harpe, and is a beautiful specimen of scenic art. Here James McDonald gave a skate-dance upon an elevated pedestal, receiving from the spectators frequent endorsement of his excellence, skill, and agility, and, as he arose, a very enthusiastic encore, to which he cheerfully responded. During the next scene we saw Clown and Pantaloon's adventures in attempting to enter a jewelry store, and their comicalities with two sailors, whose bags of clothing they managed to appropriate surreptitiously, and, after stirring themselves in sailors' garb, they were arrested by a giant policeman and marched off to durance vile. The following scene, representing an elegant parlor, "Midget" McDonald, attired like a lady of the period, sang "Hildebrandt Montrose," and in response to recalls reappeared, after a quick change, in full male-costume, and sang a swell-song, and later, dressed in blue silk knee-breeches, she gave an exhibition of high-kicking. This little miss has phenomenal talent, and sings and acts with an intelligence far beyond her years. The next and closing scene of the act was the Neapolitan Market-square. After a Neapolitan ballet, during which a portion of the dancers were seen in male attire, Clown and Pantaloon came on the scene in pursuit of the fugitive lovers, who, for the time, resumed. Clown stole eggs, and, after eating them, had live chickens apparently drawn from his throat by a doctor; he killed Harlequin, and, aided by Pantaloon, put him into a monster cannon, and, after firing the cannon, Harlequin was discovered against a door in the second story of a neighboring building. Clown then seized a musket from a soldier on duty, discharged it at Harlequin, who fell upon the stage, and his body appeared into many pieces, which were speedily collected and placed upon the stage in their proper position and covered with a large blanket. When that was removed, Harlequin sprang to his feet, and, securing Columbine, leaped into a vessel at the wharf and sailed from view. Then followed the introduction of a steamboat by Clown and Pantaloon, from various articles upon the stage, and they quickly went in pursuit, and as the minature boats representing these parties were seen in the distance, and Clown's steamboat exploded, the curtain descended. The first scene of the last act represented the garden of a palace, and here Little Totalie, and Barrett, premieres, and Ina Baptiste, Josephine Strudel, Bertha Peters, Mary Blake, Amy Krohm, Lottie Horton, Ida Lind, Agnes Ellen, Mary Herbert, Heralda Haslem, Maggie Blake, Marie Higginson, Marie Kavanagh, Millie Flora, Agnes Seeley, Katie Waring, Gussie Lockwood, Marie Bonneaux, Jennie Pickards, and Katie Simmons, coryphees and corps de ballet, were seen in skilful and graceful acrobatic performances, a portion of them upon an elevated "column of gold." His merits have been frequently reviewed in THE CLIPPER. The lavish applause and frequent recalls accorded him attest his claims to a high rank in his profession. In the next scene Mlle. Rupert, who has been before the public but a very few times, appeared in a fresh style of costume without leaving the stage. This style of entertainment was first introduced to the stage by the late William F. Munroe, and was subsequently given by John Morris, now in Europe. Mr. Mills' entertainment differed from his predecessors only in giving a less number of changes. He was seen in evening-dress, then as a military officer, next as an elderly gentleman, and finally in two female characters. At the close of his performances, upon being recalled, he did not appear in full evening dress like his predecessors, but in the last costume in which he was seen ere leaving the stage. He has a baritone voice, sings well, and gives promise of future excellence when experience shall have ripened his powers. This style of entertainment is exceedingly trying to a novice, and Mr. Mills deserves much praise for his self-possession. In the third scene Clown and Pantaloon are seen in a billiard-room, and, after various pranks and playing a game of billiards, Harlequin changes the billiard-table to an iron cage, and encloses them both. In the next scene, representing the front of the Olympic Theatre, Clown has adventures with a policeman, whom he depletes of his uniform, cap and club, and then patrols his beat, and during this scene he depicts many foibles which common reports attribute to members of that force. By a transformation there are seen upon one of the two bill-boards in front of the theatre a likeness of G. L. Fox as Clown, and under it the figures 1868, and upon the other a portrait of Robert Fraser, 1876. Upon a descending curtain, painted in imitation of white satin, which conceals this scene from view, is a fac-simile of the original Declaration of Independence. This curtain, upon being raised, discloses the final scene—a Centennial tableau. Upon a raised platform General Washington is seen, and in front and at either side of him children attired as soldiers, wearing Continental and National Guard uniforms. At his back is an upright platform, semi-circular in shape, and on the top of the latter is a Liberty Bell, on either side figures emblematical of Commerce, Agriculture, etc. An Indian and a Negro have prominent places. The entire stage is brilliantly illuminated by rays from numerous calcium lights, and the tableau presented a highly effective appearance. The pantomime was interspersed with numerous small tricks and transformations, which it would be futile to attempt to describe here. From the opening to the close there was no hitch or hindrance, and the performances passed off as smoothly as if the pantomime had been running for months. Robert Fraser is an excellent Clown, being quiet and easy in manner, and the French school has evidently been a model. His face is quite mobile and capable of varied expression, and his movements are agile and graceful. His success has been marked. Mons. Martinetti made an excellent Pantaloon. He is of a family already renowned in pantomimic art, and their executheon will, evidently, receive no blemish from his artistic career. George Topack, who has been associated with George L. Fox in pantomime for many years, acquitted himself with much credit as Harlequin. He is easy, graceful, a nimble dancer, poses neatly, and performs his leaps fearlessly. Mlle. Baretta made an excellent Columbine, and, besides, was a prominent feature in the ballets. Master Martin as the Sprite was seen only in a single scene, but by his clever performance won much applause. Miss Emmaline Young as Burlesque presented a pleasing appearance in a gorgeous costume, and delivered her lines intelligently. Miss Addie Farwell was quite effective as Romance, and all the others in the cast performed their various minor duties quite satisfactorily. The attendance has been very large, and the pantomime has, apparently, started upon a prosperous career.

MADAME NORMA.—Mlle. Anna De Belloncini, the Russian prima-donna, made her first appearance in this country at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, April 17, impersonating Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," supported by Tom Karl as Almaviva, Sig. Feranti as Figaro, Sig. Reina as Dr. Bartolo, and Sig. Bartle as Don Basilio, and Miss Cooney. On Wednesday and at the Saturday matinee the opera was repeated, the rendition of the leading role by this (to us) new interpreter meeting with approval. Mlle. Belocca's voice includes the contralto and mezzo-soprano registers, and is sympathetic and flexible, clearness in phrasing and correctness in intonation being noticeable points in her vocal efforts. Her appearance this week ends the season of Italian opera, which has included the performance of "Faust" on April 21, with Mme. Eugene Pappenheim as Marguerite, supported by Tom Karl, Sigs. Reina and Pagliapietra and Miss Annandale.....

THOMAS' concert at Steinway Hall on Monday, April 27, included, besides selections by the orchestra, interpretations from Miss Anna Drasdil, vocalist, and S. B. Mills, pianist.....

"DER FREISCHUTZ" was given at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Arion and Leidkranz Societies, in aid of St. John's Guild. Mrs. Imogene Brown as vocalist as Agathe, and A. Bischoff as Max. The opera was conducted by Dr. Leopold Damrosch.....A vocal entertainment was given at Association Hall on Wednesday evening by the Princeton College Glee Club.

.....The New York Vocal Society, under the direction of Wm. Welsieffer, in a programme of madrigals, glees, etc., with Miss E. C. Foster, soloist, concertized at Chickering Hall on April 20.....A programme of vocal selections was rendered by the Young Apollo Club at Association Hall on Friday evening.....Fred Bergner, the talented 'cello player, well known to our concert-goers, received his annual benefit at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening. Messrs. S. B. Mills, Ed. Mollenhauer, F. Remmerts and the New York Quartet of strings, with the beneficiary, rendering the selections.....A excellent concert was given at Chickering Hall on Friday evening by Miss Gertie Emanuel, a capable young contralto, under the direction of Sig. A. Torriani, assisted by Miss R. Samuels, soprano; C. Fritsch, tenor; A. E. Stoddard, baritone; C. Torriani, pianist; A. J. Davis, organist; and Senor Nitis, violinist. Miss Emanuel's vocal renditions received most emphatic approval from the large audience assembled.....The general rehearsal preceding the sixth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Friday afternoon, the concert transpiring on Saturday evening at the Academy of Music. S. B. Mills, pianist, was the soloist in the occasion, the orchestra being under the direction of Geo. Matzka.....Theo. Thomas' sixth and last symphony concert of the season was given at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening. Miss L. Pfeil Miss Kotzenberg and a female chorus were heard in the spinning chorus and ballad from Wagner's "Phantom Ship;" the orchestral numbers included selections from Beethoven, Brahms and Schubert.....A concert was given by Mr. Aptommas at Steinway Hall on Saturday afternoon, assisted by Miss Arabella Root, vocalist.....A memorial concert in aid of the fund for the erection of a monument to the late Carl Anschutz came off at Steinway Hall on Sunday evening, with Mr. Wentz,

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Buffalo, N. Y., April 17, Ben G. Rogers acted Lord Priory in "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are," for his benefit, to a large house. "The Naiad Queen" held the boards from 18 to 21 inclusive, Miss Maud Davison in the title-role. The lady's abilities hardly appeared to advantage in the spectacular drama. The scenery by Stanfield was good, but the rest of chorus-ses light. Ben G. Rogers' annual benefit speech disclosed the fact that the past season had been unremunerative financially. The week closed with Charles B. Wells' benefit, the benefician ty and stock bringing out "The Overland Route." Attendance fair. Daly's Company in "Pique" is to play one week, beginning 24. The Academy Company, under Ben G. Rogers, give entertainments at Fredonia, N. Y., two evenings of the same week. Letter of April 23.

"THE MIGHTY DOLLAR" was produced at the Boston (Mass.) Theatre April 17 for the first time in Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Florence appearing in the leading roles, and, says our correspondent, under date of 22, "it has achieved quite a success. The play is a clever, if not a brilliant one, and is certainly a decided step in advance in American dramatic authorship." Mr. B. E. Woolf is to be congratulated upon the production. The company afforded excellent support, and the scenery was tasteful and in every way appropriate. The drama will be continued next week.....Married in Haste' has had additional representations through the week at the Globe, its last performance taking place to-night. On Monday of next week 'La Tour de Neale' and 'Antony and Cleopatra' will be played, and repeated on Tuesday. On Wednesday Miss Adelaide Rogers' benefit is announced, at which the screen scene from 'The School for Scandal,' 'John Jones,' and the whole of 'The Lady of Lyons' will form the entertainment. Thursday and Friday will be devoted to the presentation of the play of 'Forbidden Fruit,' and the farce 'John Jones,' and on Saturday afternoon 'The Lady of Lyons' will be repeated. George Honey's benefit has been postponed from Friday night to Saturday, and instead of 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Katharine and Petruchio' Bellew Readings announced, the bill will consist of 'Miriam's Crime' and 'Ambassador from Below.' Miss Anna Dickinson is underlined for May 8.....'Paul Revere' is nearing its final performance at the Museum. It reaches its forty-ninth performance this afternoon, and to-night yields the boards to Mr. Charles Barron, who announces for his benefit 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Katharine and Petruchio." On Monday the 50th performance of 'Paul Revere' will be celebrated by the presentation to every person in the audience of a sealed envelope containing a portrait of some one or other of the cast. The last performances of the drama occur on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of next week. Thursday and Friday will see performances of 'The Silver Spoon,' and Saturday evening Sheridan and Mack are to have a complimentary benefit. On the 8th Mrs. G. C. Howard opens an engagement as Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and the Georgia Colored Singers are also to appear."

ROSE ETTINGE and a dramatic company performed "Rose Michel" in the Academy of Music, Baltimore Md., the past week.....'Julius Cæsar" is to be produced at Ford's Grand Opera-house April 27, 28, 29.....Tony Pastor's Combination were at the Holliday-street Theatre the past week.....Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels occupied Ford's Grand Opera-house the past week, and are to remain three nights at this, and then go to the Academy of Music, Cumberland.....

"DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS" will soon reach their double centennial. It will be seen by his advertisement that these standard pieces are now at 194.

MR. MALONE is still dangerously ill in Boston, Mass., and, at our latest advices, it was thought that he could not recover.

B. E. STEVENS' engagement with Furbish's Fifth avenue Combination terminates with May 13, and parties desiring to engage him as manager or agent can address care of this office.

MUSICAL.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER and a clarionet-player who plays alto or trombone are open for positions with a circus or ballshow. See C. Teale's card.

THOS. JOELL, second-violin and alto or tenor in brass player, advertises for an engagement.

W. L. HAYDEN, teacher of guitar, flute and cornet and dealer in musical instruments, advertises in our business department.

"COME AND JOIN THE BAND," "Patriot's Dream," and other new editions of sheet music, have recently been issued by Harding.

THE HYERS SISTERS and company in a musical drama are to perform in Webster, Mass., April 24, Southbridge 25, Putnam, Ct., 26, Willimantic 27, Rockville 28, Phœnix 29.

METERBEER'S OPERA of "The Star of the North" was represented by the Kellogg Troupe at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, for the first time in English, last night, on the evening of April 19, the performance thereof having been unavoidably postponed from the preceding evening. The able manner in which the various artists interpreted their respective parts, and the taste displayed in the mounting of this opera, served to stamp it as one of a long and successful career; but after two performances this week it will be withdrawn, the opera failing to please. The grand military review in the second act, and the coronation scene in the third act, were the most noteworthy instances of the care that has been bestowed on its production. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and Mme. Jennie Van Zandt alternated in the role of Catherine during the first four representations of the opera, each creating a most agreeable impression. The chorus was large and effective. During the present week, the Kellogg troupe will change the programme, appearing in "Maritana," "Ernani," "Bohemian Girl," and "Lily of Killarney," in addition to their two last performances of "The Star of the North." Patronage but medium this week.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell continue to meet with large business in the New England cities, says their manager, who also informs us that they will bring their season to a close on or about May 1, when they will have given and made a season of forty-four weeks, and have traveled in sixteen different States. Their season has been an exceptionally profitable one, the profits up to the present time reaching over $20,000. The company will pass their vacation at their home in Jackson, Mich., where they will reorganize for their next tour, which will commence Aug. 7. Sol Smith Russell remains with the company, and the party will be materially strengthened by the addition of other talent. Route: Bath, Me., 25, Rockland 26, Belfast 27, Bangor 28, Waterville 29, Augusta May 2, Portland 3, Lewiston 4.

THE CINCINNATI ORCHESTRA, with Mrs. E. W. Appleton, soprano, on, gave its last concert for the season at Pike's Music Hall, in that city, April 19, to a large audience.

"SEE THAT MY GRAVE'S KEPT GREEN" and other popular songs can be found advertised by Fred Blume, musical publisher.

GEO. A. DIVINE, baritone, trombone, or E-flat bass player, desires an engagement. See card.

THE BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB concertizes at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, O., on April 24, 25.

RYAN'S BELLEMONTE Ladies' Cornet Band perform at Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., April 24, Tarrytown 25, Nyack 26, Sing Sing 27, White Plains 28, Pleasantville 29. Business is reported as good.

THE BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB is announced for April 24 at the Opera-house, Columbus, O. Hans Von Bulow assisted by Miss Lizzie Cronyn, follows at the same house 28.

ALBINI'S SPANISH-OPERA COMPANY, which has been playing in Havana since last September, will commence a ten weeks' engagement at Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, on the 8th of May.

A CLARIONET and tuba player desires an engagement. See O. Dufea's card.

THE GERMAN MILITARY BAND, who, having received a furlough from the various regiments of the German Empire to which they are attached, are making a tour of this country, which will terminate at the Centennial Exhibition, reached New Orleans, La., and opened in concert at Greenewald Hall April 16 to a crowded audience. Their music, for brilliancy and finish, has not been surpassed by that of any other entertainment of the kind ever offered in the Crescent City, and has been received with demonstrations of popular favor. Each succeeding concert has been greeted with increased enthusiasm, and the time originally allotted to their visit there will probably be considerably extended.

"OUR IRISH BOYS' SONGSTER" is just published by R. M. De Witt. See announcement.

JOHN T. RUTLEDGE's new song "Kiss and Be Happy Again" is published by Rice Brothers, of Detroit.

MISS CARLOTTA BOUVIER will shortly make her debut on the operatic stage. She is at present studying, under Signor Vallo, in Philadelphia.

JULIA MATHEWS' Comic-opera Company are to play an engagement of three nights and a matinee at the theatre in Memphis, Tenn., commencing April 27.

THE RICHINGS-BERNARD OPERA COMPANY, at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., have sung to very poor audiences during the past week. The solo singers, with the exception of Mrs. Richings-Bernard and Mr. John J. Benitz, are weak. The chorus is small, but well trained, and does its work in the most satisfactory manner. The operas presented during the week were Adam's "Le Brasseur" 17, 20, Balfe's "Letty" 18, 22, Eichberg's "Rose of Tyrol" 19, "Marriage of Figaro" 21. Letter dated April 21.

A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA and violinist desires an engagement to travel. Address "Musician" as per card.

BANJOS, strings, etc., can be purchased at E. C. Dobson's advertised address.

VARIETY HALLS.

BILLY LAWRENCE, Irish vocalist and dancer, can be addressed as per card for engagements.

J. D. WALKER advertises for a lady or gentleman specialty performer, to travel with a gift-entertainment.

AT THE FRONT-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., the past week the chief features were Nellie St. John, the Phoites, C. A. Gardner, Woods and Carter, W. S. Harkins, W. I. Thompson and a series of living tableaux.

VARIETY performers are wanted at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre, this city. See card.

HARRY C. NOXON, formerly treasurer of the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., has leased the house for the Summer season, commencing May 28. All parties having dates are requested to address Mr. Noxon as per card, in which Manager Mitchell announces that the regular Fall and Winter season will open Sept. 16.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted at the Newark (N. J.) Colisseum. See Manager Davis' advertisement.

OUR RICHMOND, Va., correspondent, in his letter dated April 15, which did not reach us until 19, says: "Clara Moore emphatically denies that she was discharged April 3 by Manager Putnam, and claims that she left of her own accord.

PAT ROONEY, Irish comedian, who has just returned from San Francisco, publishes particulars in regard to his California engagement in our business department, and states that he will open at the Olympic Theatre, this city, May 1.

THE ORRIO BROTHERS, acrobats, now performing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., can be engaged through their agents, Simmonds & Wall.

THE CENTENNIAL VARIETY SHOW, including Lotta Gray, Little Pinkey, Matt Carroll, George Lowden, and Carlton and Harris, opens in San Francisco, Cal., April 11, played in Summerville 13, Nortonville 14, Rocklin 15, 16, Pamayn 17, Gold Run 18, Dutch Flat 19.

ALLEN'S SPECTACULAR COMPANY and the St. Felix European Ballet—consisting of Wm. Lawrence Allen, manager; Henry E. Wheeler, business-manager; Geo. Taylor, stage-manager; Prof. Geo. A. Florance, leader of orchestra; L. A. Allen, advance agent; the St. Felix Ballet Troupe, Mrs. Geo. A. Florance, Miss Lottie Point, Miss Alice Dunn, Miss Jessie Woods, Miss Amelia George, Chace and Davis, Jeppe and Fanny Delano [also announced as being engaged with Rollin Howard's company.—ED. CLIPPER], Add Weaver Jr., George Taylor, Harry Height and Frank M. Gilbert—are billed to show in Peru, Ind., April 24, Kokomo 25, Logansport 26, 27, Lafayette 28, 29, Danville, May 1, 2, Crawfordsville 3, 4, Terre Haute 5, 6.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted by Den Shaw. See card.

THOMAS'S VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., opened for the Summer season on April 17, with the following people: Lulu Delmay, Tierney and Cronin, Victorine, Harry Watson and Lizzie Mannan, Edna Markley, Joe Lang, Manchester and Jennings, J. Byrne, G. Byrne, and John Buckton. Our correspondent says: "The programme was one of the best of the season, every feature having been enjoyed by a large attendance, and business continued good at the subsequent entertainments. Mr. W. J. Thompson has withdrawn from the stage-management of this theatre, and gone to Baltimore. The position vacated is now being temporarily filled by Mr. Lang. Mollie Wilson and Alfred Liston open 24.....After repeated adjournments, the cases of the tableaux party were finally disposed of on the 16th inst. Eight women and Paul Sumers were discharged on payment of the costs, but Klotworthy and Kearnan were fined $25 on each information, aggregating $125 apiece. The costs in all the cases amounted to about $50. The tableaux-exhibitors immediately departed for Baltimore, utterly disgusted with some people who make Pittsburg their abiding-place."

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to April 21 is furnished by our correspondent as appended: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances this week were Viola Morris, a fair serio-comic vocalist; Bedmon and Devoe, who perform a good average song-and-dance; Charles H. King, Dutch comique, who has improved considerably as a Dutch comedian since his last visit; Lizzie Shelton, a neat little dancer; the Levanion Brothers, who do a good darking trapeze act; Charley Shay and his performing dog Little Lolly; C. R. Whitman, and Dollie Whitman. The two latter are very fair dramatic artists, and appeared to advantage in the afterpiece. 'Hans Hoch Hoch' Macrone is not known, as were the other artists who figured in the olio. The wind-up consisted of the drama of 'Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish,' with Mollie Williams as Narramattah. The attendance during the week ending April 22, with the exception of the benefit for Louisville; Fields, Chicago; Volna and Marcenna, Louisville; and Mollie Williams, Chicago. To open 24: W. H. Schneider in the drama of 'Euchre,' James and Annie Whitney, Tommy Fish, and Conway and Kerrigan.....The Metropolitan still remains closed.....At the Eldorado the changes are the closing of Morris and Fields, and opening of Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray.....The Davenport Brothers, gymnasts, close a long season at Shickling's Theatre 22, and go to Louisville to join a circus."

AT THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, Gorman and Romer in their clever Dutch specialties were the only new additions during the week ending April 22, the attendance continuing good. The Henri Family, Miles, Blanche and Leona Fontaineblean, and Miss Nellie Germon open on the 24th inst.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Athenæum, Columbus, O., April 17 were the Clark Brothers—Lew and Ed.—and Barker and Biels. A regular first-part was given, with Howard and Shay on the ends, and W. A. Brooks as interlocutor. Miss Nellie Belmont was the leading female in an appearance 20, and pleased the audience by her good singing, pretty face and honest demeanor. She has been re-engaged for next week, which will probably be the closing of the season at this house. Departures 22: Snow Brothers, to Cleveland; Clark Brothers, to Louisville; and Barker and Reils, destination unknown. To arrive 24: Parker Sisters, Hanna and Miss Wilson,

TERMS.

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Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, 30 cents per line.

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GEORGIA 20 ARTISTS! ITEM YEAR! MINSTRELS
5-2* CHAS. CALLENDER, Sole Prop. and Manager.

JOHNNIE PRINDLE,
VERSATILE COMEDIAN,
has just closed a third year's engagement with Beedle's Swiss Bellringers. Will take a vacation of six weeks among the Green Mountains in search of health and recreation.
Postoffice address, Glover, Orleans Co., Vermont.
P. S.—Pettit and White, please drop me a line. 5-1t*

W. J. MILLS,
THE GREAT METAMORPHOSIC ARTIST,
in his
INSTANTANEOUS CHANGES AND SONGS,
engaged for the season in the great pantomime
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PROF. A. G. REES AND BROTHER,
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Terms reasonable to responsible managers. Address to PROF. A. G. REES & BRO.
5-1t* Pittsburg, Pa.

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A B-FLAT CORNET PLAYER,
ALSO A CLARIONET PLAYER,
who plays alto or trombone, can be engaged for
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Good reference can be given. Address
CHRISTOPHER TEALE,
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Wanted, a strictly first-class lady or gentleman artist to travel with a Gospel Temperance Entertainment. None but sober, reliable people need apply. Silence a negative. Address, stating business and lowest salary, G. J. G., care
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CHARACTER VOCALIST,
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Permanent address, 15 Prebend street, Camden Town, London, Eng. 5-1t*

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The building will be leased subject to the right of one hundred and forty-eight stockholders to free seats at all operatic and dramatic performances, and the lessees will be required to give satisfactory security for the preservation of the building from deterioration and the protection of personal property therein, as well as for the payment of rent. Applications to be made on or before May 8, and addressed to JOHN STEWART, Secretary,
5-1t 33 St. Paul street, Baltimore, Md.

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Camille, or the Fate of a Coquette (with sole right of title), Mesalliance, or Faith, Hope and Charity, The Czarina, Valeria, Charlotte Corday, etc., etc. Address
5-1t* GEORGE BECKS, 204 Third av., N. Y.

WANTED SPECIALTIES OF all kinds. Ladies, address with photo., and state lowest salary. No answer, negative. C. G. GRANDFELD, Box 199, Kittanning, Pa. 5-1t*

DOOWNATS YRRAH, THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich. He remains till time to go in swimming. P. S.—This is on the quiet. 5-1t*

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JUVENILE LADY,
who has just closed a long engagement at Booth's Theatre, is at liberty to accept engagements for the Summer season. Address 55 WEST NINTH ST., New York. 6, 5-3t

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No. 39 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.
C. F. JONES, E. R. 1-3t*

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JOHN A. ELLSLER JR.
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Direct all correspondence to JOHN A. ELLSLER.
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A CARD EXPLANATORY TO THE PUBLIC!

FROM MANAGER CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
Sole Proprietor of the Duprez & Benedict's famous Minstrels.

NEWPORT, Rhode Island, April 4, 1876.

Certain malicious reports of various kinds having reached me, I deem it a matter of justice to myself, and also as an explanation to my patrons and the public in general, to expose the entire business transaction between myself and the last name of the above firm, and leave the public with all persons who may chance to feel interested in the controversy. First, this man Benedict pretends to notify the public that he is disconnected from the above popular troupe. This is unnecessary, for I have extensively advertised that fact myself about nine months since. I also announced at that time that I had bought out the entire interest, right and title he owned in the company, including the use of the title-firm of the troupe, which will explain the reason why I am now using the title-firm of the company, as that is one of the items in the bill of sale I bought and paid for. I furthermore notify the public that the Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels would not, under any circumstances, be responsible for any debts he might contract in future, as he, Benedict, was, in no shape or manner whatever, connected with this organization. His motives for thus stabbing in the dark are motives of venom, prompted by ungentlemanly principles. Secondly I will lay plain facts before a discriminating public, and show the real cause why he was disconnected from this troupe. Years ago I gave him an engagement, and soon, afterward I took him without a cent of capital as a partner, giving him an interest in the company, and with an outlay of time and capital I introduced him to the public, always supporting him with a strong, talented troupe of artists, and by extensively advertising him. I enabled to build a reputation for him, and during the above whole period of time the company met with flattering success every season, clearing above all expenses from five to sixteen thousand dollars a year until the panic. In various ways he managed to expend his dividends, as we settled up all our business weekly during the entire term of years he was with me, and very often he was obliged to draw money in advance from me in order to meet his share of the responsibilities of the troupe. For many months I paid his wife's board and traveling expenses. I likewise advanced him money for his own private use and to pay doctor's bills; also to redeem pawned jewelry, until he was indebted to me to the sum of nearly four thousand dollars, and then I declined to advance him any more money. He commenced to complain that his income would not meet his wants, and then by petty contrivances sought to sever his connection with my company, to avoid paying this honest debt. I did not attempt to prevent his departure; on the contrary, I told him he had better go, and I advised him to hold his interest in the troupe for his own special benefit. I said to him if he made a failure on salary with another company he could come back and take his old position again.
The last proposition he refused, saying he wanted to sell out, and to this I agreed. He then asked me if I intended to retain and use the title-name of the troupe. I finally answered him yes, for that was my right. I had expended my capital and many years of my life to bring it into prominence; it was my Trade-mark, and I was entitled to it. So the bill of sale was drawn up accordingly, mutually and on the most friendly terms, I fixing the same to suit him in every particular, and he solemnly agreed to the contents by signing the bill of sale, transferring all rights and title to me he owned in the company. He then offered to remain in the troupe for a stipulated weekly salary; but I refused to give him an engagement, believing it was detrimental to my interests to allow him to stay in the troupe, as he had, on several occasions during the last two or three years, tried to demoralize the company by conspiring against me. And during the number of years he was with me, he never, on any occasion, furnished one penny of capital towards meeting his share of the responsibilities of the company. When money was needed, say from one hundred to ten thousand dollars, I always had to furnish it. Shortly after he was disconnected from the troupe he began his tirade of abuse and malicious slanders, by circulating libelous reports throughout the country about me, and even publishing fraudulent handbills and circulars to the public. Yes, even used my name on several occasions, upon the stage, before audiences, in a slurring, insinuating manner, which, in the opinion of any intelligent person, none but a coward would be guilty of so doing. I hold notes for advance money to the amount of over twenty hundred dollars against this man, who promised to pay me the same on demand, with interest, etc. It is the old story of ungratefulness revieved again. I deemed this explanation due to the public, so they will not be misled by this man Benedict's daily gross representations, with the intention to injure my good name, and my hard-earned reputation of twenty-four years before the public as a manager.
I have written the above card very much against my own feelings, as I wished and wanted him to enjoy the full benefit of what little reputation I had builded for him; but he has so wrongfully and maliciously slandered and misrepresented me the past nine months throughout the country, that I am compelled to publish all the above facts, in order I may set myself right before my friends, patrons and the public generally.
Below I give a copy of the bill of sale and notes I hold against this man above-mentioned; they will fully satisfy all persons that my course is now, as always heretofore, honest, upright and beyond reproach. I feel that this explanation will nail the malicious falsehoods to the wall. I remain the public's obedient servant, CHAS. H. DUPREZ.

Copy of Bill of Sale. Aug. 16, 1875, BOSTON, Mass.
I, Lewis Benedict, of the firm of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, sell this day to Chas. H. Duprez of the same firm, my entire interest, right and title I own in the above-mentioned Company, consisting of Wood and Electrotype Cuts, Wardrobe, Zinc Trunks, Pictorial Posters, Musical Instruments, Stage Properties, and the privilege to use the Title-firm of the Troupe, etc., for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars ($1,500). Received payment in full for all demands. LEW BENEDICT.
[Frank Dumont, Witness.]

Copy Note No. 1. BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 16, 1875.
$300. For Value Received, I, Lewis Benedict, promise to pay to Chas. H. Duprez or bearer the sum of three hundred dollars, with interest, on demand. LEW BENEDICT.
[Frank Dumont, Witness.]

Copy Note No. 2. BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 16, 1875.
$350. For Value Received, I, Lewis Benedict, promise to pay Chas. H. Duprez or bearer the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars, with interest, on demand. LEW BENEDICT.
[Frank Dumont, Witness.]

Copy Note No. 3. BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 16, 1875.
$320. For Value Received, I, Lewis Benedict, promise to pay to Chas. H. Duprez or bearer the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars, with interest, on demand. LEW BENEDICT.
[Frank Dumont, Witness.]

Copy of Note No. 4. BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 16, 1875.
$400. For Value Received, I, Lewis Benedict, promise to pay to Chas. H. Duprez or bearer the sum of four hundred dollars, with interest, on demand. LEW BENEDICT.
[Frank Dumont, Witness.]

Copy of Note No. 5. BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 16, 1875.
$418.75. For Value Received, I, Lewis Benedict, promise to pay to Chas. H. Duprez or bearer the sum of four hundred and eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents, with interest, on demand. LEW BENEDICT.
[Frank Dumont, Witness.]

Copy of Note 6. BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 16, 1875.
$300. For Value Received, I Lewis Benedict, promise to pay to Chas. H. Duprez or bearer the sum of two hundred dollars, with interest, on demand. LEW BENEDICT.
[Frank Dumont, Witness.]

We, the undersigned, who have been members of the above-named troupe from one season to eleven years, certify to the contents of the above card to contain only the truth to our best knowledge. Yours, etc.,
W. H. Ward, Fred. Henrich, J. T. Gulick, Dunk Smith, Edward Gale, Sam Price, Joseph E. Fox, Frank Kent, W. W. Hogan, S. H. Spindler, Frank Dumont, Henry Lino, Oscar Frederick, and Fred S. Schofield.

NOTICE.—Newspapers throughout the States will please make a note of the above facts, and have the kindness to cut out this card, and post it up in a conspicuous public place. 4-2t

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A gentleman who understands the arrangement of high artistic tableaux, in all its branches, would like to have a good engagement with some first-class manager only. The following is a list of some of the tableaux:
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Can also give all the designs and properties for Tableaux.
Address FERNANDO FLEURY,
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BY THOMAS BAKER.
Copies of this famous and beautiful Waltz for Orchestra will be mailed on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Also arranged for the piano. Price 60 cents. W. A. POND & CO., 547 Broadway, Branch Store 39 Union square, N. Y. 4-2t*

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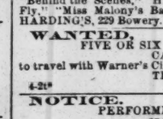

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